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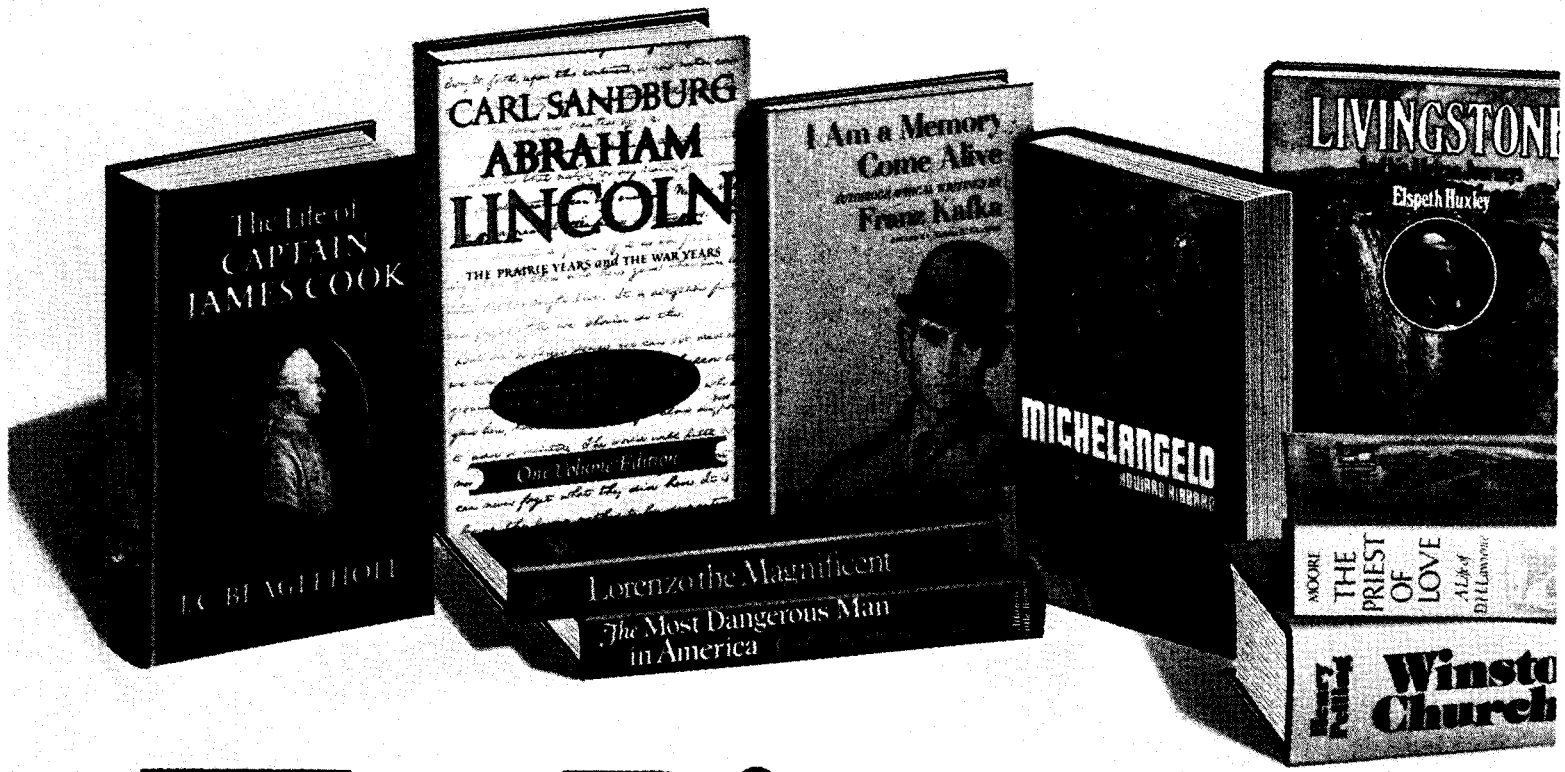

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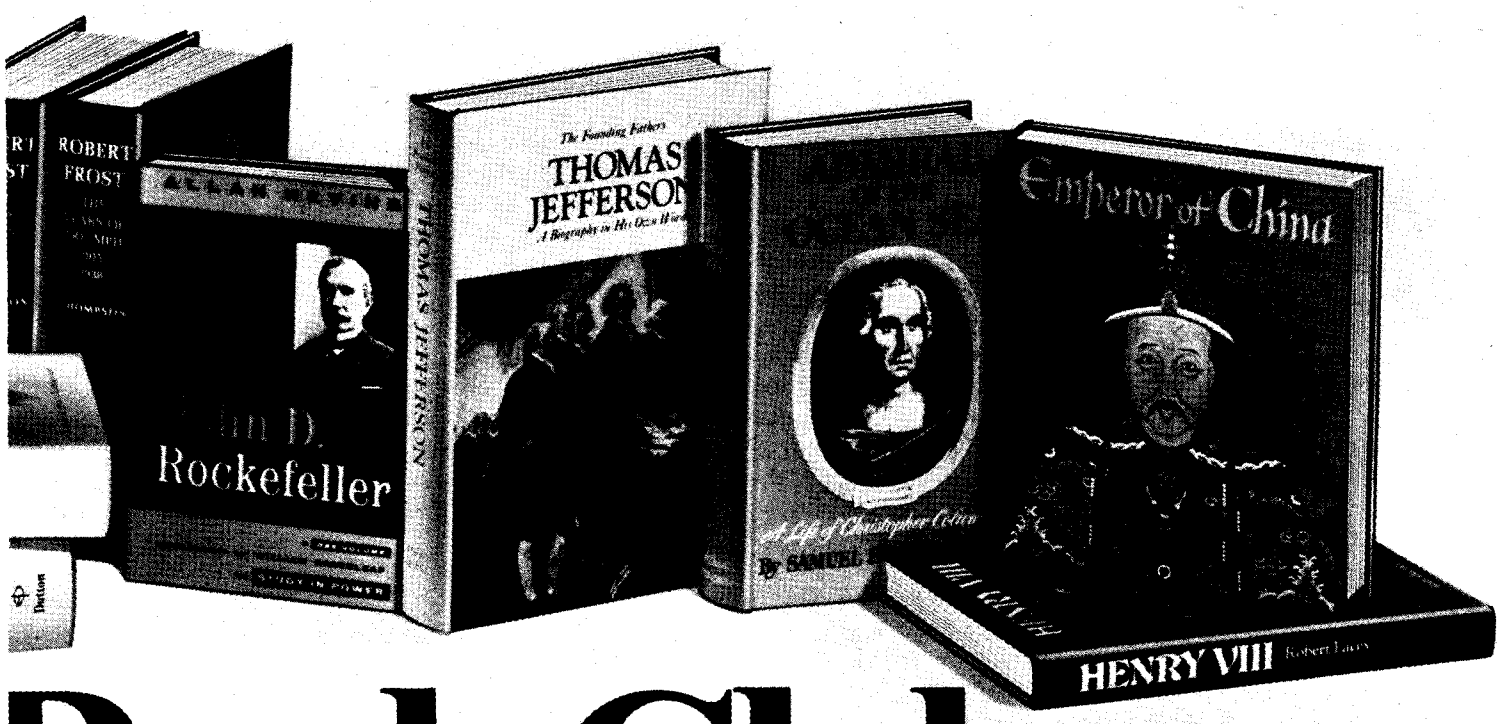

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TRB

from Washington
January 25, 1975

Testing Time

It's a big room, the Rayburn Room in the Capitol, and it is cram-jammed with reporters. Everything ornate and opulent, two six-foot Sévres vases in wall niches bracketing Gilbert Stuart's painting of George Washington, hand extended, with poor dentures; paneled waxed walls; parquet floors; a fireplace last used in McKinley's administration; 200 newsmen who can't see or hear very well and a table with 18 mikes poised dangerously upward like striking snakes. Speaker Carl Albert stands behind them telling about the Democrats' new plans for tax relief. Not a confrontation, Albert says in his rather high voice—every determination to cooperate with the President: "But we mean business," he says.

The Democratic tax cut plans are sweeping but remarkably vague: Rhodes scholar Albert, a mild, able man with an odd mouth, as though it had been pasted on as an afterthought, stresses the "emergency," and says "we intend to act!"

What the Democrats have done, of course, is to try to get their tax cut in ahead of the President. He scheduled last week's State of the Union address originally for January 20; the Democrats composed their own emergency economic plan to beat him to it so he put the speech forward to Wednesday January 15. The Democrats, not to be outdone, then unveiled their program on Monday and, thus challenged, Mr. Ford preempted time on the networks on Monday evening and gave an advance showing of his own program. Not too dignified, perhaps, this rush to grab the headlines; a bit like ambulance chasers after the same hit-run victim, but on the whole rather gratifying too for, God knows, there *is* an emergency and it needs sirens to herald the fact.

Mr. Ford came on TV that same night, an attractive, agreeable figure as always, the man-nobody-dislikes, a man your heart goes out to, a man you want to help if only you knew how. It would be so easy to sneer at the 180-degree turn he has made since October, and WIN days, from saving money to spending money, and from raising taxes to cutting taxes; it would be so easy to sneer and so fruitless. He is our leader and he offered no hypocritical excuses; "we are in trouble," he said simply. He used a teleprompter device that projects the lines of a speech the speaker can see, but you can't, and it gives the rather uncomfortable impression from the screen that he is not merely looking right at you but right through you. So what? That's part of his charm, his large plain features, his rather restless hands and the sense that he is reciting something not quite learned. The sincerity of the thing comes through.

Events last week, including the State of the Union speech itself, mark a period of agonizing strain in world and American affairs. Here at home the effort to control the economy before it turns into a depression is probably the greatest test in modern times of whether the 200-year-old American system of divided authority is capable of dealing with a complex, subtle and global economic crisis. It requires wisdom, unity and speed. So far there has been little wisdom, considerable disunity, and delay that has cost a year.

Mr. Ford's conservative economic advisers misjudged the crisis and ought to be replaced. It is *not* true that all economists were equally deceived, although very few thought the recession, when it came, would come so fast. But Messrs. William Simon at the Treasury, Alan Greenspan at the Council of Economic Advisers and Herbert Stein, who has already departed, would not listen to warnings from financial ministers in Europe or so-called "liberal" economists at home. In fairness it is true that there are brand-new elements in the situation: a food shortage precipitated by weather, social changes and population, and a quadrupling of oil prices. These hit the industrial world just as it was off balance from inflation. As. Mr. Ford puts it, "We are in trouble." But part of his trouble is his staff and he should deal with advisers, as Lincoln did with generals who lost battles.

Now we are going to see an extraordinary test of the American system of government. Its divided executive and legislative powers are unique among modern states. Everything here is normally geared to debate and delay. Veto powers lurk in faceless feudal lords in unknown subcommittees. America closes ranks in wartime when the President becomes commander-in-chief. Then, too, a specially trained elite from the Pentagon automatically moves in. But in this emergency, which is as serious as war in many respects, the enemy is depersonalized. Can America act?

What the congressional Democrats are trying to do is to act like a parliamentary shadow government. Most of the machinery for this must be improvised in a nation that has no such tradition. Other democracies would have a collectivized leadership of elected representatives under a chairman (prime minister) capable of enacting comprehensive programs. We don't have that machinery and congressional initiative has been eroding for years. On the other hand, there is a lot of goodwill for Jerry Ford, a consequent (perhaps temporary) absence of partisanship, and a real fright over the worsening situation. The nicest thing a politician can be asked to do is to cut taxes. The difficulty, as it is quite easy to see, is to meet the next problem if the tax cut stimulus takes effect and inflation again becomes the principal danger.

Economic distress isn't confined to America; the well edited *Economist,* of London, observes that "the stage is once again set for the long-expected crisis . . . the break in Britain's economy and its currency may be only days away . . . Britain cannot go on with a 20 to 25 percent a year inflation in a world recession. . . ." Italy is in worse plight. Observers watch carefully—will some key bank fail, a great business house collapse, a desperate nation slap on a Hawley-Smoot tariff? Will the international banking system buckle, will war break out? The situation in the Middle East is ominous, and last week Moscow suddenly called off the 1972 trade agreement that was supposed to promote trade and détente, and increase Jewish emigration from Russia. An interference with Soviet domestic affairs, Moscow said.

Short of war it is hard to think of a time where it was more important to close ranks and get America's internal affairs in order.

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Back to Vietnam?

The South Vietnamese province of Phuoc Long, which lies along the Cambodian border north of Saigon, is a remote, sparsely populated wilderness of no strategic importance. But its capture by North Vietnamese forces could have serious political consequences. For the Ford administration is currently publicizing the fall of Phuoc Long in order to promote the notion that the Communists are within imminent reach of toppling the Saigon regime and that US assistance to President Nguyen Van Thieu must be increased if the purported offensive is to be blocked. In an apparent attempt to scare Hanoi with the prospect of American reinvolvement in the war, Secretary of Defense Schlesinger asserted that the US might disregard the cease-fire accords signed in Paris because they had already been violated by the North Vietnamese. Other administration officials, dusting off the old "domino theory," are meanwhile contending that Thieu's collapse would weaken trust in the US everywhere. These arguments undermine the validity of US links with its other allies. They are also the arguments that originally mired the US in Vietnam, and they are being replayed, especially on Capitol Hill, with the implied warning that congressmen who rebuff the administration will somehow be blamed for the ultimate "loss" of Indochina. Thus the question now is whether the White House can frighten Congress into voting fresh funds for Thieu.

To a large extent the present predicament in Vietnam is the outcome of the agreement reached by former President Nixon and Henry Kissinger in early 1973. For the Paris accord, which Mr. Nixon triumphantly called "peace with honor," was essentially a deal that permitted Hanoi to keep troops in the south in exchange for the release of American prisoners of war held in North Vietnam. The political terms of the accord were flimsy, and the Nixon administration, by building up Thieu's arsenal enormously before the settlement was signed and by pledging to replenish it afterward, in effect reduced from the start the chances of a compromise. Reporting from Saigon at the time, Stanley Karnow noted in these pages that Thieu "clearly has no intention of encouraging a reconciliation" with the Communists while they, in contrast, were prepared to implement the agreement in the belief that its political provisions, though ambiguous, worked to their advantage. In Thieu's effort to sabotage the truce, for example, he

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paralyzed the Joint Military Commission by preventing its Communist members from carrying out their functions, which were to cooperate with Saigon officials in delineating the boundaries that separated the territory controlled by South Vietnam from the regions under North Vietnamese and Vietcong domination. Simultaneously Thieu sent his army out to regain places that had been taken by the Communists during their 1972 offensive. Saigon troops constructed outposts in parts of Kienhoa province that theoretically belonged to the Communists, and, in one of their larger operations launched during the summer of 1973, they moved into northern Binh Dinh province. Early last year Thieu directed his army to hit the Communists "in their base areas," and in that push, which lasted through May, they staged multi-division drives. By the end of this phase the Saigon government had more land and people under its control than it did at the time of the Paris agreement. It should be added, too, that Thieu during this period systematically rejected attempts by the Communists to open negotiations aimed at reaching a real peace in South Vietnam. His reluctance to negotiate was understandable since any change in the Saigon political structure would have spelled his doom. So he stubbornly clung to the status quo, correctly calculating that the Nixon administration, with all its troubles, could not afford the humiliation of his failure.

It would have been logical for the Communists, frustrated as they were by Thieu's intransigence, to seek a battlefield victory. Matching the US build-up of Thieu, they used the breathing spell of the uneven cease-fire to build modern roads and supply lines from North Vietnam into the south, and they were equipped with sophisticated tanks, artillery and guided missiles provided by China and the Soviet Union. In some areas they staged their own assaults. But as Maynard Parker points out in the current *Foreign Affairs*, their "caution has been remarkable." Although they have taken Phuoc Long, they have not deployed their heavy weapons against South Vietnam's cities, nor have they augmented substantially their ranks in the south. In Parker's view the Communists have adopted a low-key approach because they are focusing mainly at the moment on the reconstruction of North Vietnam, and they expect that the many economic, military and political problems accumulating in Saigon will sooner or later bring about Thieu's downfall. They may be counting on the coolness of Congress to hasten that eventuality.

Nobody reasonably can deny that a Communist takeover of Vietnam, if that is the alternative to Thieu, would create human hardships. Communist governments are not gentle, and the Vietnamese of every stripe are, as the war has shown, singularly cruel to one another. But for the US to go on pumping money into a Saigon dominated by Thieu is no solution. The experience of the two decades since the Geneva agreement has made it plain that continued American aid to anti-Communist clients in Vietnam has polarized the situation there, and as a result has prevented the emergence of leaders ready to reconcile differences. The idea that the promise of new assistance will bring Thieu around to compromise is deluded. His only hope for existence is in a prolonged conflict that has been costing American taxpayers a billion dollars a year. It is too high a price to pay for his intractability.

"Anyone care to give again to Vietnam . . .?"

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Ford's Economic Nostrums

Same Old Medicine

Jockeying brazenly to be first in line before the public, President Ford and congressional Democrats presented plans last week that they claimed would meet and overcome the present economic crisis. Their competitive efforts proved to be a standoff. Both warmed many a heart by offering a cut in taxes. Both promised that their astute use of fiscal and monetary policy would end the deepening recession. In both cases the promised outcome seems less likely than ice-skating on Biscayne Bay.

History teaches that skepticism. Since World War II the American economy has ridden a roller coaster powered by such promises, with the swings growing steadily worse. The pattern of those cycles, culminating in recessions in 1949, 1954, 1958, 1961, 1970 and 1974, has been always the same. When inflation intensifies, we have deployed the powerful arsenal of Keynesian techniques to raise taxes and/or raise interest rates and/or reduce government outlays. Their effect has been predictable. They retard the rise in prices but increase unemployment. Then, as the resulting recession spreads, we again resort to the Keynesian arsenal only now in reverse: we lower taxes and/or lower interest rates and/or raise government outlays—the present Republican and Democratic proposals. In the past their effect has been always to relieve unemployment somewhat but raise prices.

In short ever since World War II we have fought inflation with recession and recession with inflation, and are now fixing to do the same. But can we afford the same in 1975 with prices and wages still rising mightily (at a 10 to 12 percent annual rate) while unemployment at 7.1 percent is at the highest level in nearly 14 years?

The obvious peril is that if business activity is pumped up vigorously under present circumstances, the American inflation will shine forth in the world economy like Mt. Everest in a field of ant hills. No doubt President Ford and his advisers recognize that danger. Their answer is to work the fiscal pump just a little—enough to stop the present slide but *not* enough to turn the economy around. In that case we should look for continued high unemployment for the next year or two while inflation dips modestly below its current two-digit rate. As is customary, we shall be asking those at the back of the employment queue to occupy the front lines in our persistent, inconclusive war against inflation—only now their tour of duty will be longer.

The figures underlying that judgment relate to the size of the stimulus President Ford has recommended and the magnitude of the economic decline now in progress. In this context we can put his energy program aside, since it provides no stimulus at all. It would collect $30 billion in new crude oil taxes but return the same amount in a variety of ways to the public. The President has placed sole reliance for moving the economy ahead on a temporary, one-year $16 billion tax reduction—partly through a 12 percent rebate on 1974 personal income taxes and partly through a boost in the investment tax credit for business. Allowing for the certainty that some of the rebate will be saved, these measures would add no more than $15 billion to the nation's aggregate demand for goods and services.

In contrast the forces generating the current recession appear mountainous. From $20 to $25 billion annually is drawn out of the economy to the Middle East and elsewhere by the oil price hike. New orders by business for machinery and tools recently have slumped by $24 billion, and are drooping further daily. Residential construction is down by $10 billion. Consumer outlays for durable goods are running at about $20 billion below their peak. State and local governments are tightening their budgets. At best the administration's tax cut may be expected to retard this precipitous decline by the summer or autumn of this

Carrying On

When C. P. Scott retired after 57 years as editor of *The Manchester Guardian*, his successor, who happened also to be his son, retained the father's chair but never sat in it. When the younger Scott died, *his* successor sent the chair to the dump pile only to have an astounded staff insist that he get it back and restore it to its place of honor. From then on, it is said, he used it as a throne.

The departure of an editor can be an unsettling event, to his readers sometimes no less than to his writers. But when Gilbert Harrison passed on the stewardship of *The New Republic* to me almost a year ago, we both knew that sometime soon he would give up his editorship as well. After nearly two decades he has now stepped aside. Through grim years and a few hopeful ones, the distinctive qualities of his mind—a compassionate reality, a tolerant disposition, and a literate sensibility—marked this magazine. Harrison left behind no chair to be fearful of sitting in. Those of us who worked with him, however, see his standards of excellence as a challenge. It is, in any case, to those standards that I intend to stretch myself and *The New Republic*.

This journal will remain an independent weekly, in the progressive spirit—open, controversial, scrupulous. This is a commitment that the editors make to each other and to our readers.

Martin Peretz

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year, not stop it. Any hope for subsequent recovery would have to rest on other reasons, such as the possible need for consumers and business to replenish their stocks of autos, machinery, trucks and other durable goods.

If the President's recommendations are followed, then, it seems nearly certain that unemployment will zoom to eight percent in the months ahead—a level not reached since 1941—and remain in that bad neighborhood for most of the year. Because of wage contracts, the new crude oil tax, and the monopolistic power of industry, the continued recession in prospect will be relieved only modestly by an improvement in inflation. When recovery does come, at long last, a revived inflation will arrive with it. Yet it is my impression—since these figures are available to them as well as to me—that the long, painful road ahead is what President Ford and his advisers expect and want. As he promised, "the going will be rough." Unfortunately, their own program suggests, Democrats see it the same way.

Melville J. Ulmer

Energy Strategy

No one quarrels with President Ford's statement that we need "the strongest and most far reaching energy conservation program we have ever had" if we are to curb our appetite for foreign oil. The President is probably the last man in government to reach this conclusion. Others in the State and Treasury Departments have been talking about the need for conservation since summer, and members of Congress have been drafting oil allocation plans for more than a year. The news in the President's two speeches last week was that he has joined the club. He agreed that strong medicine is required. His proposals, however, are to be applied so indirectly that they probably won't have the desired effects.

Mr. Ford refused to act directly to limit oil purchases from abroad, though he said this might be necessary someday if his current strategy fails. He decided instead to fiddle with the market through price and tax increases on wholesale petroleum. "There will be no need for compulsory rationing or long waiting lines at the service station," he promised, nor will gasoline prices go up more than 20 cents a gallon. But he did ask for "standby" authority to ration gasoline, and he announced that he would impose a new three dollar tariff on every barrel of imported crude oil. Domestically produced oil and gas also will become more expensive if Congress grants the President's request and does away with price ceilings that now keep certain fuels at less than peak prices. These changes, the President believes, will discourage not just unnecessary driving, but all forms of excessive energy use.

The risk in Mr. Ford's program is twofold. First, he has decided to unloose the demon inflation again, but this time he can't blame the Arabs. Until recently inflation was considered by Mr. Ford the most serious of the many economic troubles confronting the country. Underlying this concern was the fear that Western economies would be shaken badly by the increase in the price of foreign oil and the transfer of billions of dollars to Middle Eastern oil producers. Experts in the Treasury and the World Bank worried that if inflation continued to climb as it had last summer and governments sank deeper into debt, the structure of international trade would come apart. The economic crisis would cause a series of bank failures in Europe, they thought, accompanied by lesser business disasters in America. The fiscal experts believed that inflation had to be kept under control to avoid economic and social upheaval. Now that preoccupation has been replaced by a new concern for growing unemployment and recession.

The oil cartel still operates, however, still collects its tribute and grows more powerful. Mr. Ford hopes to combat OPEC with a little inflation of his own making. He will raise the price of oil by another three dollars a barrel, like a desperate man in a poker game who hopes to win back all his losses in the last hand. The new oil tariff will be added to the OPEC monopoly price (about $11 a barrel) in the expectation that it will reduce sales. This represents a tremendous change in Ford's energy policy, and it strains his credibility, for just months ago he argued that America cannot afford the high price of OPEC oil. It is a perilous experiment.

The President's gamble is risky in another way. In trying to discourage petroleum sales and to stimulate industry at the same time, he is attempting something quite novel. No government we know of has done this before (except in war), and some experts in the energy business, like Henry Linden of the Institute of Gas Technology, say it can't be done. Others, like David Freeman, director of the Ford Foundation's Energy Policy Project, say it is feasible, but only in conjunction with fuel rationing. In any case there's little support for President Ford's view that consumption can be reduced significantly by imposing tariffs. The history of OPEC's rise to power provides a clue to that. Two years ago foreign crude cost less than four dollars a barrel; now it costs more than $10. Yet today we consume as much foreign oil as we did two years ago, and recent figures show that we gradually are using more. President Ford's three dollar tariff promises to bring further inflation, but it does not augur independence from OPEC.

Eliot Marshall

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White House Watch

Rockefeller at Work

According to former congressman, Defense Secretary and White House counsellor Melvin Laird, a momentarily retired politician who does not minimize his prescience and his part in great affairs, he told Gerald Ford in August of 1973, when Mr. Ford was still a Michigan congressman and leader of the Republican minority in the House of Representatives, that he was likely to be the next Vice President and President of the United States and that, if and when he succeeded both Spiro T. Agnew and Richard Nixon in their offices, he should nominate Nelson Rockefeller to be the nation's second unelected Vice President. Whether or not Laird foresaw events as accurately as he says he did, and I'm inclined to believe he did, his story adds to the evidence that Mr. Ford started thinking about what he'd do in the presidency long before he replaced Mr. Nixon last August 9 and that, all along, his one and only choice for the vice presidency was Nelson Rockefeller. It turned out that way, anyhow. Rockefeller took his oath as the 41st Vice President on December 19 and, after a vacation at a Rockefeller-owned resort in the Caribbean, reported for work on Saturday, January 4. This is a report on what and how he's been doing since then and what his performance to date tells about him.

The most interesting thing the initial performance tells is that Rockefeller, one of the world's richest men and a four-term governor of New York and a perennial seeker of the presidency, suffers from a nervous uncertainty that seems to be common to Vice Presidents. He shows it in the way that his immediate predecessors, Agnew and Gerald Ford, showed it. Agnew, a former county official and governor of Maryland, surrounded himself with assistants from Maryland. Vice President Ford relied mainly upon assistants who came with him from Congress. In the presidency he has brought in two senior assistants from his hometown, Grand Rapids, and two others who served with him in Congress. Vice President Rockefeller's senior staff consists entirely, without a single exception, of people who worked for him in the governorship and on his handsomely paid private staff. This is understandable. There is nothing wrong with it. But even when it's not been taken to the extreme that Rockefeller takes it, reliance to such a degree upon familiars suggested to me during the Agnew and Ford tenures and still suggests a fundamental nonconfidence and fear of unknown quantities and factors.

Rockefeller's staff structure was prepared for him at the White House before he was finally confirmed after months of inquiry, mostly silly and destructive, into his acknowledged habit of sharing his immense wealth, in outright gifts and cancelled loans, with favored employees and associates. The prolonged uproar in Congress and in the media rubbed the Vice President and his people raw and importantly affected the way in which he organized himself for the vice presidency. There were, for instance, two conscious and specific decisions *not* to supplement his federally paid staff with a privately paid staff and *not* to supplement federal salaries with his money. President Ford himself shared in some of this discussion. The specific question discussed between Rockefeller and the President was whether the Commission on Critical Choices for Americans, a think tank set up by Nelson Rockefeller and his brother Laurance and initially financed with gifts of one million dollars from each of them, should retain its substantial staff and continue its studies of just about every conceivable social and economic problem facing the country. Mr. Ford, who as House minority leader became an *ex officio* member of the commission and is still a member, and Rockefeller agreed that it is a valuable instrument and should continue its work. Whether it does depends mainly upon whether individuals and foundations deliver on pledges amounting to about $1.5 million in addition to the Rockefeller brothers' two million dollars. There is a tacit understanding that Rockefeller may continue to consult with members of the commission's staff and with such dependents as William J. Ronan, a former New York state and city official who is a salaried adviser to the Rockefeller family and has testified that he received $665,000 in gifts and cancelled loans from Nelson Rockefeller between 1962 and 1974. Peter Wallison, a 33-year-old New York lawyer who was counsel to the commission and is the Vice President's chief counsel, holds that Rockefeller may properly contribute more money to the commission if he chooses. After the burning Rockefeller got during his confirmation hearings, others on his staff expect him to be very cautious about that and also about consulting with private advisers and dependents upon matters of vice presidential business.

How Rockefeller came to be appointed chairman of the executive commission set up to explore reports in *The New York Times* that the CIA during and before the Nixon presidency engaged in illegal domestic surveillance illuminates his standing with President Ford and the problems that all Vice Presidents have to live with. Rockefeller said after he was appointed that he was not consulted about the choice of the commission's other members, all of whom are solidly entrenched establishment types, and that appears to be true. It was, according to both White House and Rockefeller staff accounts, a choice made in desperation and in circumstances that hardly flatter the Vice President. It's said at the White House that federal Judge Henry Friendly of New York first agreed and then declined to serve as a member (not as chairman) because of possible conflict with his judicial responsibilities. Erwin Griswold, a former US solicitor general and dean of the Harvard law school, tentatively accepted the chairmanship and

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then suggested that the President and his assistants had better consider whether the possibility that he might have to testify in cases involving an ITT antitrust settlement disqualified him. Mr. Ford decided that this prospect ruled Griswold out as chairman but not as a member of the commission. Late on Saturday, January 4, the President asked the Vice President to take the chairmanship and Rockefeller agreed. He expected his and the other members' appointments to be announced the following Monday or Tuesday. They were announced on Sunday, while Rockefeller was weekending in New York. More interesting to me than all this are two corollary assertions at the White House. One is that the rumor that Rockefeller's friend and former employee, Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, maneuvered Rockefeller into the chairmanship in order to protect Kissinger from embarrassing exposure is sheer bunk, which I'm disposed to think it is. The other assertion (or admission) is that the President and his advisers gave no thought whatever to the possibility of maintaining that the law in fact permits the CIA to engage in some forms of domestic surveillance and simply challenging the *Times* to prove its charges of "massive" illegality. Mr. Ford and his advisers were scared. They ran like hounded rabbits and required Rockefeller to join them.

Democratic Senator Walter Mondale of Minnesota, Republican Senator James Pearson of Kansas and 40 colleagues in both parties confronted Vice President Rockefeller, in his capacity as president of the Senate, with what could be the only substantive issue he will have a chance to decide or influence. At the opening of the 94th Congress on January 14, they proposed to change the rule that requires a two-thirds vote to shut off filibusters and make it three-fifths of the Senate membership (60 instead of 66). Rockefeller may have to decide that the proposal is or is not in order and that a simple majority of the Senate may or may not change the rules at the opening of a new Congress. Mr. Ford, who likes to be thought of as "a man of the Congress," officially took the position that he has no posisiton on the issue and left the whole thing to Rockefeller. The key question was whether he'd have the courage to order a vote without debate and thus keep conservative opponents of the charge from filibustering it to death as they did in 1971.

During his first week on the job Vice President Rockefeller was put on the Senate payroll (at $62,500 a year plus $10,000 for expenses), paid 20 cents per mile for his flight (in one of his private planes) from Tarrytown, NY, to Washington, and briefed in exhaustive detail by a Senate clerk named William Ridgeley upon the emoluments that go with being an employee of the Senate. Rockefeller terminated a prolonged exposition of the insurance and other options open to him by saying with a grin, "Okay, okay, I'll take the best."

John Osborne

How Much Lead Is Too Much?

Because of a recent ruling by the Consumer Product Safety Commission, lead paint may for generations continue to be an everyday danger to American children. Childhood lead poisoning was described early in the 20th century and the eating of paint flakes incriminated as the major cause. Lead is a powerful poison for the immature central nervous system. Children who recover from intoxication are frequently profoundly impaired. While the disease has long been thought to be a problem for the inner city, and as such, primarily felt by black and Hispanic children, recent screening studies have shown that the incidence of excess absorption of lead is widespread, and can affect children of any race or class. The US Surgeon General estimated that 400,000 children have elevated blood lead levels, causing physicians to worry whether these moderate elevations are associated with undetected impairment of brain function. Studies by pediatricians and child psychologists have shown that moderate asymptomatic elevations of body lead in children are associated with impaired perception, hyperactivity and behavior disorders. The symptoms of lead intoxication—headache, irritability, anemia and lethargy—are vague, and easily misdiagnosed. Undoubtedly many cases do not come to medical attention, and many that do are ascribed to other causes. Between five and 40 percent of samples of children studied have excess lead in their blood. Silent lead intoxication may be among the most important public health problems for American children, second only to malnutrition in significance.

With the new awareness of wide exposure to lead, new sources of lead have been found—airborne lead from gasoline additives and stationary sources, such as smelters, for example. In general industry scientists and spokesmen have asserted that airborne lead is not a significant danger for humans, and that low levels of lead exposure are of no health consequence. Lead poisoning, they say, comes only from old paint and is a disease of deteriorated housing.

While many pediatricians and public health experts are concerned with the threat of airborne lead, all agree that lead paint is an unquestioned and ubiquitous danger to children. The Lead Paint Poisoning Prevention Act, passed in 1971 and amended in 1973, was greeted as a first step in the elimination of this disease. Among its many provisions the act called for a decrease in the lead content of all household paint to 0.06 percent by December 31, 1974. The American Academy of Pediatrics derived this figure by calculating the amount of layered paint that might be safe in small quantities. The Consumer Product Safety Commission was given the authority to promulgate this

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legislation, "unless the Chairman of the CPSC, based on studies . . . determines that another level of lead not to exceed 0.5% is safe. . . ." On September 26, 1974 the National Paint and Coating Association, the paint industry's major lobby, petitioned chairman Richard O. Simpson to raise the standard precisely to 0.5 percent, the maximum allowed by law. The paint lobby claimed that reducing lead to the 0.06 percent level would work a hardship on paint manufacturers, especially the smaller processor, and result in inferior paint for the consumer. Lead drying agents, they argued, are needed to produce a coat of paint that dries rapidly from the inside out. They also asserted that the "best scientific evidence" does not indicate that 0.5 percent lead in paint would provide a toxic dose for a young child. The "best scientific evidence" the lobby staff could muster ignored three international medical meetings on lead hazards, but drew conclusions from two rodent studies, neither published in medical journals. Mature rats are notoriously resistant to lead. City rats, which share the same decaying housing as city children, and eat the same paint, do not get poisoned; the children do.

When infant rats were given lead through mother's milk in studies recently conducted by neuroscientists at Johns Hopkins and the University of Cincinnati, hyperactive behavior and changes in brain chemistry developed in the offspring. Other studies have shown that young mammals absorb lead more readily, and are much more susceptible to its effects. Pregnant lambs given low doses of lead produce offspring that appear normal at birth, but later are slow to solve visual discrimination problems. Poor nutrition and anemia increase susceptibility to lead, and this is often the condition of exposed children. Yet recent studies of baboons fed lead paint products, sponsored by the CPSC, took pains to give their subjects extra protein and iron by injection, invalidating the application of these data to the real world of the growing child.

On October 18 the paint industry presented its case for the higher lead level at a public meeting of the commission. Chairman Simpson indicated that at that time he saw no justification for lowering the lead level below 0.5 percent, but also said that comments to the contrary would be carefully reviewed in reaching a final decision. Consumers' groups and scientists responded to the invitation, alarmed that such a step might be taken.

Among the most telling responses to Chairman Simpson's request was a critique by the Center for Disease Control, the wing of HEW primarily responsible for lead control programs in the US. This agency, having the broadest epidemiologic experience with childhood lead poisoning, submitted a seven-page point-by-point dissection of the CPSC research data. It concluded that "the extrapolation of results of studies reported for the animal models for determination of safe levels or providing evidence of supporting continuation of 0.5 percent lead in paint as the term meaning lead based paint is not justified on the basis of the evidence presented."

On December 19 Dr. Charles Edwards, Assistant Secretary of HEW, took vigorous exception to the higher 0.5 percent level, and with the methodology employed by the Consumer Product Safety Commission to defend it: "In our opinion the experimentation undertaken to examine the effects of paint chips has not proved the safety of this level of exposure . . . We see little value in cloaking guesses and multiple assumptions in the mantle of mathematical and toxicological certainty."

On December 4th Sen. Edward Kennedy, concerned about the possible change of standards, scheduled oversight hearings to examine the issue with the commission. The commission declined to participate, and the hearings were canceled.

On December 23 Simpson issued his report to Congress, concluding that 0.5 percent lead in paint is safe for use. Curiously, in his conclusions, he states in upper case letters: "If the Congress requires a guarantee that no matter what the circumstances are, no future generation will have any possibility of an adverse effect from lead associated with a paint product, then all lead in paint should be banned."

The daily permissible intake of lead for a growing child has long been assumed to be 300-millionths of a gram. Recent studies have suggested that even this small dose may be too high for safety. If a child were to ingest one gram of paint containing 0.5 percent lead he would be taking 17 times the daily permissible dose.

Lead poisoning, unlike genetic, infectious or metabolic disease, is not a biologic mystery. No double helix needs unraveling. The agent, its sources and effects are always visible. It is a completely preventable disease; the mystery resides in its continued existence. The Consumer Product Safety Commission, by weighing the economic welfare of some segments of the paint industry more seriously than the development of hundreds of thousands of children yet to be born, has permitted the mystery to continue and dangerous paint to be easily available to the daily explorations of the growing child.

Herbert L. Needleman

DR. NEEDLEMAN *is assistant professor of psychiatry at Harvard medical school and a researcher in lead poisoning and brain damage.*

COMING: John Osborne takes a further look at Rocky's men and methods

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A Year of Pain and Fright
Speaking of Busing

by Thomas J. Cottle

Boston

Chico Dowling is one of the tallest men I know. When he walks his son Bobby to where the school bus picks up the children each morning, he towers over everybody, a giant among little people. "Be good," he tells his son, "don't get into no trouble. Do what they tell you and for God's sakes don't miss the bus coming home. You hear me? Don't miss the coming home bus!" Then he tells me as we walk back to his home in Roxbury, "Well, they're still busing. Been weeks now and they're still busing. City's shaking, you can feel it shake, can't you? Like even the sidewalks don't hold you firm like they used to. Black folks and white folks making this city shake. Hell man, with the bad news everybody's trying to stir up around here, you'd think it was Selma or Montgomery or Little Rock. They are sure enough busing in Boston."

Indeed they are busing school children in Boston this year. It's made for a bitter autumn and winter. The newspapers are filled with stories of the busing rulings, the desegregation of some 20 schools, the transferring of students and the scramble to get a few more black teachers here and there. And the radio and television news crews seem to be parked in every school. In one school in South Boston, the area called Southie and the place where a great deal of opposition to busing has formed even to the point where the school simply closed, I watched a student approach one of the local TV cameramen. "You here again?" the student asked. "Hell, you been here more days than I've been here."

"I like it here," the cameraman replied.

"Hell you do. You're waiting for the riot to start. You come down here with all that equipment and it ain't worth your effort 'til something really big happens. You ain't here to cover no story, man. You're here to see if you can't start one. You and the cops. You're incitin' action. If you all would just stay away things might be all right. Why don't you go cover a fire or somebody getting murdered for a change!"

It has been a bitter year, a painful and frightening year for many residents in the Bury, Southie, Eastie, Charlestown, Hyde Park. There isn't an item, a story, an event, a ruling, a law that all people embrace. Instead the slightest sound, the barest whisper, splits the factions even wider apart and makes the heartache, confusion and anger more intense. "You think it's good to have policemen on horseback so close to your school?" I ask.

Teacher: "That man rides off, I'll ride off with him. He's my only protection."

Student: "I wouldn't go in that building without that policeman there. I stood over there behind that tree yesterday morning waiting for them to come. If they didn't come, I wasn't going to school. I'm not taking any political side, but I'll be damned if I want to get killed."

Teacher: "What's the difference if they're here or they're not here. This school will never be the same. This city will never be the same. It's the racist versus the black folks, and the police have never helped the black folks. Ever, nowhere!"

Policeman: "I come here 'cause they say to come here. I've never shot anyone or at anyone for the nine years that I'm on this police force. You think I want to start now? You think I'm looking forward to some afternoon after school when I may have to draw my gun on some *kid?* Some 13- or 14-year-old kid? You actually think policemen are like the way they paint us in the media? 'Specially the newspaper?"

It comes down to the question: are you for or against busing? That's the basis of the division, and the answer to the question is your passport into the communities that have the most to gain, and the most to lose. "Don't mess around with the liberal man," a woman in her 50s, living in East Boston shouted at me. "You with them or with us? Just say yes or no. It's a black-white issue, you know what I mean? There's no place for nobody to be in between. It's like America against Germany. You fought on one side or the other. Nobody fights on both sides. How'd you stand when Israel went to war?"

"I suppose I was for Israel."

"There you are. This is the same thing. Arabs or Israel? Blacks or whites."

And in Mattapan, very near the highway—Route 3—that heads out beyond the southeast suburbs to Cape Cod, another woman said much the same thing: "There's only one place to stand. You say you're for desegregation, then you can't be compassionate towards those folks who are fighting against us. It's a

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THOMAS J. COTTLE *is affiliated with the Children's Defense Fund of the Washington Research Project. His books include* Black Children, White Dreams; The Abandoners; *and* A Family Album: Portraits of Intimacy and Kinship.

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war, and it may just be a bloody one. This city hasn't done a thing for black folks from the time it began. It's a white city with a white mayor—hell, his name is even White—and a white government, and the best they can do is let us get our kids into some of the few decent schools. So you better believe we'll grab this chance. Knowing this city, there won't be a chance coming again for another 150 years!"

A school year of pain, a school year of fright. From a young black man with a strong build and broad hands: "I'm not going to go near any school where I might get hurt. I'm going to school for one reason: I want college and a profession. There's no way people are going to ruin that for me by breaking a bottle over my head or breaking my back with a club. When it's cool I'll go."

From a young white man: "The world has soldiers and pacifists. We learned that from Vietnam. I don't go to school to wage war. I go to school to get educated. This is only the beginning for me. I have a long way I'm supposed to go in school. I can't afford all the trouble. I have nothing against anyone, I just want to learn. If my folks had money I'd go to a private school and forget all these people, their kind *and* my kind."

It's the first school year after the President's resignation. The year of the pardon, the year of the nomination and approval of Nelson Rockefeller as Vice President. The concept of hypocrisy has come up in one form or another in almost every conversation I have had.

"What I like the most," said a man in Eastie, "is the fact that a judge who lives in a rich suburb makes the ruling, and that a mayor who wouldn't send his kids to any school in Boston pushes the ruling. They're goddam suburban people, and so are the press which follows them. They don't care a hoot for any of us, black or white. They talk, like Senator Kennedy, they talk. But they wouldn't live the way we live. They wouldn't work the jobs we work. They don't even bother to ask us what we think. They're too busy pushing their laws and writing their articles."

"Times haven't changed all that much." A woman in Roxbury shook her head. "What's been in the south comes to the north. May come slowly but it gets here. Just like folks like us got here. Slowly, but we made it. There's always been, see, rich folks making the laws, like where you can send your children to school, and poor folks abiding by those laws. Busing's the same thing. It's all the same pattern. Hypocritical rich folks pushing people around, saying, do like I say but not like I do. No surprises to this busing business. All you have to do is read your history, you'll find the same thing in every country where they got rich folks who make the laws and poor folks who abide by them. Sometimes, see, it works for us, and sometimes it works against us. If the law were the same for all people, I'm not so sure all these government people would be pushing so hard for desegregating the schools. If it were *their* children riding these buses every morning, they'd play it a different way."

So the password question this year in Boston's very special and valuable working classes and poor communities is are you for or against busing. And while the attendance figures in the various high schools are watched as closely as the big money types watch the Dow Jones average, and the anti-busing boycotts build and the stories of violence fill the newspapers, and people everywhere, especially right here in Boston, look to these special communities and wonder how's Boston going to be in the late winter or in the spring when the warmth comes again, the people of these special communities, Eastie, Southie, Hyde Park, Mattapan, Dorchester, the Bury, are feeling again the squeeze they've always felt. One doesn't have to possess special information to know what's happening in Boston. While no one can ever really speak for any other person or group of persons, it can be said that the have-nots are being pushed up against each other and are being forced to deal with the issues of racism and territoriality; one's people and one's turf.

A debate goes on in the Boston press about whether or not attitudes toward busing reveal class differences or differences in feelings about particular minority groups. No one can deny the fact that rich, white, powerful people make the decisions in this country, even if they don't have to live by these decisions. But if one rides the buses with the children, lingers in the schools as the children enter each morning and leave each afternoon, and hears the epithets, then no one can deny that racism is also at the heart of the resistance to school desegregation. One may be sympathetic to a South Boston man's statement: "The government rules the rich but not the poor!" But one can never be sympathetic to an East Boston man's vicious remark: "If they bus 'em out here they got to go through the tunnel, and when they do, we'll blow them Niggers' heads off!"

At stake is children and adults, learning and jobs, presents, futures, destinies. The summer and its days for planning for the busing operation are gone. The winter nights seem especially cold. And resources and patience are in short supply, particularly in communities like Southie, Eastie, Mattapan, the Bury, Hyde Park. . . .

COMING: The Solar Derby—
a report by Peter Barnes
on the coming fight to
control sun power

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by Walter Pincus

Scatter-shot, superficial oversight of the sort practiced in the past, in part to protect the US intelligence community from embarrassment, is being tried once again, this time to placate the public about newspaper allegations that the Central Intelligence Agency carried on "massive, illegal" domestic activities during the Nixon years. In the short run it may work, given the overstatements in the original news stories and the emphasis in those reports on alleged violations of law by CIA personnel.

But a continuing cover-up of the overlapping jurisdictions and the chaos within the FBI, the CIA and other intelligence agencies won't last long. Additional allegations of past wrongdoing, waste or incompetence are bound to be made because the climate both inside and outside the secret security services has changed. Strong internal agency leadership is gone: J. Edgar Hoover from the FBI; Allen Dulles, John McCone and Richard Helms from the CIA; and Gen. Joseph Carroll from the Defense Intelligence Agency (DIA). Hoover and Carroll led their agencies practically from their earliest days and Dulles and McCone brought considerable stature to their positions. Those now running the agencies are faceless men with little outside political support.

On Capitol Hill the staunch friends of intelligence also are gone. Sen. Richard Russell and Rep. Carl Vinson, who supervised the creation of the CIA, DIA and the National Security Agency (NSA), could by themselves stop any questioning of intelligence activities. Rep. John Rooney's House Appropriations subcommittee was in effect the only congressional forum before which Hoover would discuss FBI business. The vacuum created by the departure of those men is slowly being filled by other legislators, some of whom oppose the way intelligence is run.

The White House, which at one time could mollify complaints by creating a new presidential commission, has lost its clout. Disclosures of presidential misuse of the intelligence community have added to suspicions. The President's Intelligence Advisory Board has decayed. Once a serious working committee in its initial years (after the Bay of Pigs), it has become a statusy rest home and junketing vehicle for White House favorites.

Finally the new post-Pentagon papers, post-Watergate morality has taken root within the agencies themselves. Employees aware of wrong-doing and unable to satisfy grievances through the usual internal channels are now less afraid to go public—by leaking stories to newsmen and by writing books and articles. In the old days they would have quit and kept quiet.

The origins of the present CIA flap show what is going on. It probably began in early 1973 when James Schlesinger was CIA director. A low-level agency employee sent a memo to Schlesinger telling about contacts between Watergate conspirator E. Howard Hunt and the agency during the pre-Watergate period. Up to that time Schlesinger had not been told that CIA material had been used in the Ellsberg psychiatrist burglary. Thereafter Schlesinger began his own inquiry into CIA and Watergate—an investigation that apparently was broadened to include all CIA domestic operations.

When Schlesinger moved over to the Defense Department in May 1973, questions about CIA domestic activities had already begun to come up in Congress. Sen. Clifford Case asked former CIA Director Richard Helms in February 1973 about CIA participation in a 1970 domestic intelligence plan sponsored by the White House. Helms had replied he could not recall "whether we were asked" and added, "but we were not involved because it seemed to me that was clear violation of what our charter was." Four months after Helms made that statement, the Senate Watergate committee released documents showing not only that the CIA had joined in the domestic intelligence program, but that Helms himself was termed "most cooperative and helpful" on the project. Helms' credibility, and the CIA's, were thereafter in trouble not just with senators familiar with his testimony, but also with his former colleagues at the CIA.

In May 1973 President Nixon named William Colby to succeed Schlesinger. A career CIA official with no outside stature or political support, Colby had to mend fences both inside his agency and on Capitol Hill if he hoped to hold onto the job. In July 1973 Colby appeared at an unprecedented public confirmation hearing before the Senate Armed Services Committee. Asked by Sen. Stuart Symington for an outline of the CIA's "activities within the United States," Colby gave a fairly complete if rather general rundown. He told of CIA investigations of its own employees, indicated the agency has "to protect our own intelligence sources and methods"—a veiled reference to the now infamous counterintelligence operation;

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Colby spoke of the CIA's asking Americans about what they learned on trips abroad and referred—though not by name—to the Domestic Operations Division, which carries out that function. Colby also mentioned "certain support activities that we must conduct in the United States in order to conduct foreign intelligence operations abroad . . . structures are necessary in this country to give our people abroad perhaps a reason for operating abroad in some respects so that they can appear not as CIA employees but as representatives of some other entity." That was an elaborate way to say that US businesses and other organizations provide cover for CIA personnel abroad. Finally Colby mentioned CIA collection of intelligence in the US from foreigners while they are in this country—but saved any details for a closed committee session.

His public testimony was laced with hints that more was involved. Asked about cooperation with the FBI, Colby provided for the record a statement that "CIA's foreign intelligence operations *in the United States* will be coordinated with the FBI and terminated if the FBI determines them prejudicial to their activities." Furthermore he confirmed there was intelligence collected on US citizens abroad, though he stood by an earlier Helms statement that "we do not target on US citizens." Colby said that the CIA's purpose was the gathering of foreign intelligence but that "occasionally some incidental mention of American citizens" gets picked up.

At another point Colby said that despite prohibitions on domestic operations, the Secret Service Act passed after John Kennedy's assassination required the CIA to give "full collaboration . . . in the protection of the" President. Fulfilling that obligation, Colby continued, made "it difficult to say here that we will never give any other agency of the US government help which they might use in their responsibilities."

In his Armed Service Committee appearance, Colby was more open about CIA domestic activities than his predecessors had been—but he was hardly frank. Prior to this time, the internal investigation—generated by Colby to answer questions from the Senate Watergate committee—was unearthing a number of questionable activities—among other things that White House aides H. R. Haldeman and John Ehrlichman had asked the CIA to conduct a surveillance of Donald Nixon, who was moving to Las Vegas. The CIA had refused to do that but apparently had done enough so that Colby went to the chairmen of the House and Senate CIA oversight committees to share what he knew. Neither chairman Sen. John Stennis, who was in the hospital recovering from gunshot wounds, nor Rep. Lucien Nedzi, acted on the Colby information.

Throughout 1973 and into 1974, the CIA, under Colby, refused to cooperate fully with the Ervin Watergate committee, holding back such things as the agency file on E. Howard Hunt. In March 1974 a new problem came up. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee, as part of its inquiry into the so-called "national security" FBI wiretaps in 1969-71 of government officials and newsmen, sent a series of questions to the CIA. Among other things the committee wanted to know specifically about "electronic surveillance of Americans in the United States and abroad" carried out by the CIA over the past 10 years. The request also asked details of CIA involvement over the same years in "physical surveillance, mail cover, trash cover or other surveillance of Americans . . . in the United States or abroad." Finally it requested "the nature and extent of information or files maintained by CIA on Americans . . ." and the general nature of CIA counterintelligence work in the United States.

That last question apparently stirred up the agency. According to Colby's recent Senate testimony, it was in March 1974 that he terminated the domestic counterintelligence activities begun six years earlier.

Of course the Foreign Relations Committee learned none of this. In fact the CIA put off answering the questionnaire for months. In October, after public disclosure that Colby himself had been less than frank with Congress in discussing CIA activities in Chile, the committee pressed for a response to its questions. A month later the answers were shown to a committee staff member at the agency's headquarters—the CIA would not permit a copy to leave McLean, Virginia. In the context of the committee's wiretap inquiry the disclosed material did not seem "significant" so there was no follow-up.

What happened next is only supposition, but the sorts of information required to answer the Foreign Relations Committee questions have a close resemblance to the content of recent news stories. Some of the "well placed government sources" who provided the material to the *Times* could well have been CIA employees disappointed that the Senate committee has shown no interest.

Five Senate committees and four in the House are now poking around in one or more of the intelligence agencies. Add to that the General Accounting Office study of the FBI and the Rockefeller commission peek into the CIA and there is the potential for dozens of leaks of information. The end of such a convoluted process can only be paralysis of the agencies involved.

Congress alone, even with a joint select committee, cannot investigate the intelligence community, for if it is to be done right, complete cooperation of the White House is required. No inquiry, for example, can be successful without review of the activities of the President's 40 Committee, which governs all covert intelligence operations.

Piecemeal growth and scatter-shot oversight have been the marks of the multibillion-dollar intelligence community. Only a commission with executive and legislative branch representation and a charter to study the whole of US intelligence can do what now needs to be done.

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Of Mice and Men

(Brooks Atkinson)

Meyerhold: The Art of Conscious Theater by Marjorie L. Hoover

(U. of Massachusetts Press; $22.50)

How do American actors manage to grow? Anyone who knows anything about theater/film life in this country and how haphazard, unfriendly, ungrateful that world is, must be amazed that at least some actors develop. All the odds are against their growth, and in a way things are even more difficult for them if they become successful, because then there are a lot of people making money on them who don't want them to take chances. If the American theater were as well organized as American baseball, an actor who came up from the bush leagues to the majors would be welcome but not necessarily heroic. In the theater as is, an actor who develops artistically *is*, in some degree, necessarily heroic.

So James Earl Jones and Kevin Conway are, in differing measure, heroic to me. Both have grown. Jones became visible in the early '60s, a big black man with a big voice who barreled along on his physical attributes. He did a Macbeth in 1966 that was only a lot of bellowing. (Something he reverts to in Shakespeare. His Lear two years ago wasn't a great deal better.) But, just to touch highlights, his subsequent performances in *The Great White Hope*, *Boesman and Lena*, *The Cherry Orchard* (Lopahin), the film *Claudine*, and now in **Of Mice and Men** show immensely increased control and range, show Jones making demands on himself that are increasingly austere and imaginative. His Lennie is the simple naked core of that retarded giant, strong and helpless. The Jones of 1965 could not have done this beautiful work.

Conway has up to now been largely a boisterous off-Broadway nuisance. In *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest* he pushed his potbelly around aggressively, enjoying his slovenliness, and did more or less the same thing in *When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder?* Clearly Conway had force, but he was giving us self-display masquerading as freedom. And now here he is as George, taut, underplaying, manly, no sense of wallowing, every sense of serious intention. It's not merely a difference of roles: I've seen Conway in nonswagger parts. It's a matter of growth. Now Conway, who might have gone on to sell just one line of goods like Al Pacino, has become an actor of possibilities.

Praise to Edwin Sherin, the director, who surely had a hand in these performances and in the casting of Conway. But also some dispraise. I can't remember a Sherin production—*The Great White Hope*, *Find Your Way Home*, others—without good news and bad news. John Steinbeck's play is a work of sentiment, so George S. Kaufman, who directed the first production (1937) and is said to have worked on the script, played against the sentiment more or less astringently. This gave the play an almost naturalistic tone and made the sentiment effective. Sherin, on the other hand, underscores the sentiment, particularly grossly in the casting and direction of Candy, the crippled old swamper. The only other good performance besides the principals is David Gale's as Slim. (Even Jones has a tough moment, because he is black, when he has to face the isolated black man in the barn. The racial difference gone, Jones apparently tries to think of Lennie as a privileged child.)

Sherin's staging is never easy and is sometimes clumsy. For instance he puts the final moment smack downstage, with Lennie kneeling facing us, George behind him facing us, gun in hand. We know, just from their positions, that the lights are going to fade before the shot. Result: we wait for the fade instead of the shot. As I remember, Kaufman put the scene upstage in the tall grass, facing offstage, less blatantly appealing for sympathy, theatrically more evocative.

Kaufman also had more realistic settings, which this play needs, and offstage effects like the sounds of horses tramping into their stalls, blowing, jingling harness. This is a penny-pinched production.

Steinbeck's play is one of the American best, alas. I can't imagine a list of, say, Twenty Best that could omit it. The tragic inevitability at which Steinbeck aimed is dimmed by the creakiness of the arrangements. We know with somewhat pleasant ironical foreknowledge in the first scene, when the two friends discuss their plans to have a place of their own, that they will never get it; but Steinbeck ensures the grim ending with the nervous young husband at the ranch and his arbitrarily restless wife. Besides, Lennie's feeblemindedness mitigates the tragedy. He is a "case" on the loose, not a man susceptible to trouble. If he were only slow-witted, instead of defective, there would be some hint of what his life might have been. With the idiot Lennie there are no alternatives.

Still Steinbeck touched some deep American themes, the great myths of the road and of the two male companions. (Snickers in today's audience at the lines about two men traveling together; the ceremony of innocence is drowned.) And there is a strong residue of 19th-century feeling about the land—working on the land is the basic good, owning some of it is salvation. I can't think of another successful American play since 1937 with that feeling, or even one centered on rural work. Because of what has happened since it was written, *Of Mice and Men*, with its faults unchanged, has become a play about the end of something in America and in American drama.

Marjorie L. Hoover, who teaches Rus-

(continued on page 34)

Films Worth Seeing

Amarcord. Fellini's fine memoirs of his boyhood home—as he remembers it, not as it was.

Antonia. A good documentary about a fine woman—Antonia Brico, one of the first woman conductors in the US.

Murder on the Orient Express. Old-fashioned Agatha Christie livened by a delightful all-star cast.

Scenes from a Marriage. Liv Ullmann, magnificent in Bergman's compacted but still compelling Swedish TV series.

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Reconsideration

Gone with the Wind, the Movie

Her name, O'Hara, is deliberately Irish. Her Irishness is to be associated with impetuosity, wild courage, low class and the ability to lie charmingly. All these Scarlett has and does, though not once in the movie does she refer to her Irish heritage. She pretends to no ancestry other than Tara. Her father, played by Thomas Mitchell, is the stock Irishman of the piece, speaking as no Irishman has ever spoken and showering himself in as many Irishisms as the plot allows. He dies mad, on his horse. We learn from his tombstone that he was born in County Wicklow, made famous by J. M. Synge who incidentally wrote of the mad in Wicklow, and of other riders thrown from their horses.

O'Hara does provide one key to Scarlett, however. At the outset of the movie when Scarlett is frantic having learned that "her" Ashley Wilkes is about to announce his engagement to Melanie Hamilton, she disclaims interest in her homestead. Her father, dismayed, tells her that there is nothing as lasting as land, nothing as important to an Irishman. This, of course, is true as the themes of most Irish plays testify. He tells her this as the camera rises showing Scarlett and the lovely land before her, an effect that is repeated later when the land before Scarlett is covered with dead and dying Confederate soldiers.

When her father has died, Scarlett vows to protect the land. She cultivates crops with her bare hands and makes her reluctant sisters do likewise. They do not know what Scarlett knows, that the land means money. Earlier Scarlett returned to Tara to find her father crazed and her mother dead. Her Ashley, married to Melanie, is at war. Her beautiful clothing is gone, as are the gracious Southern parties. Good talk is gone. Even the skies are not golden anymore. But when she stumbles into the fields, she finds a potato growing. She gags on it, in the obvious discovery of her own roots. Standing in the middle of her land, she vows never to go hungry again. By this point Scarlett has done some changing. No longer content to capture the heart of every man in the county, she wants the county.

There is reason to suspect that she can get what she wants. Scarlett does not merely live by her imagination; she controls reality by her imagination. She literally does not see what she will not see—thus she first *sees* the soldier's amputation when she is to participate as nurse; then she turns away so that she does not see it, and leaves her duty. Nor does she listen to what she will not know. Her boyfriends talk of impending war, but Scarlett will not hear of it, and threatens to go inside the house if they persist. She will not hear of Melanie's friendship, which she wishes not to exist. She will not hear of Lee's surrender.

But Scarlett is seen and heard by all. Wherever she goes she is the center of attention and activity because she is stunningly beautiful (more beautiful in Vivien Leigh than in Margaret Mitchell's heroine), and because she wishes herself to be noticed, and by imagining her own centrality, creates it. When the sisters complain to mother, they complain about Scarlett. When Scarlett overhears the local girls whisper on the stairs of the Wilkes mansion, they are talking about Scarlett. All gossip is of Scarlett. When Scarlett walks through the streets, men mutter. When she rides through Shantytown, men claw at her. At a dance Rhett Butler "bids" for her, offering the highest amount for Scarlett O'Hara Hamilton, the elaborately outrageous merry widow.

Who, after all, could not help noticing the color scarlet, or Rhett (red?) Butler? Yet, although Rhett occasionally can overpower Scarlett, he can never outdazzle her. He knows this. He loves her not because they are so much alike, but because she is better and brighter at

In The New Republic *"Reconsideration" of Margaret Mitchell's novel (September 1, 1973), James Boatwright said "the biggest disappointment on coming back to* GWTW *is not discovering that it is a camp classic. . . . 25 years have taken their toll." This essay is written 15 years after I first fell for Scarlett.*

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their common game. They both seek power, but compared to Scarlett, Rhett is an amateur. For all his avowed practicality, he is as wistful as they come. For all her avowed romanticism, Scarlett is absolutely clearheaded.

She is most clearheaded about her own romanticism. Agreeing to marry Melanie's brother in order to retaliate for Ashley's wedding, she is aware of her falsehood. She does not wish to hurt Ashley by this hasty decision, but to prove something to him; that she has a will of iron, one capable of superintending impulses. Ashley is correct when he contrasts Scarlett's fortitude to his weakness. When Scarlett finally does give up on Ashley, she is painfully exasperated because he could not be made strong enough to be worthy of her.

Slowly we begin to become aware of the size and force of Scarlett's mind. She is able to think Ashley into becoming someone who deserves her. She is able to think her way into having husbands, property, wealth, gaiety, her own strength. Yet she is neither contemplative nor plotting. She gets what she wants by the massive exertion of mind over matter. She manufactures her world piece by piece. There is a physical outer world disintegrating about her; she simply will not stand for it.

Scarlett is not the fatal woman of the European romantics, not Carmen or incarnations of Cleopatra and Helen of Troy. Men would die for her, and do, not because they are spellbound by the softness of Scarlett's skin, but by her will. Her will provides the only erotic element in the movie. Possessing Scarlett's body is not difficult; possessing her spirit is the light that draws the lovers.

Meanwhile Rhett Butler swaggers in and out of her life, feigning to bear reality. The most important thing about Rhett is that he is played by Clark Gable. Anyone with less handsome a grin would have been seen through at once, but this Rhett manages to keep the truth from us for a long time: that he is a fool and near imbecile. Where there is a grandstand stunt to be pulled, there is Rhett bidding $150 in gold for his lady love. Where there is a banality to be expressed there too is Rhett, his massive pop culture conscience having caught up with him as he suddenly wishes to catch up with his Confederate comrades. "I don't like fighting for a lost cause until it's really lost," explains Rhett. And when Scarlett's other gallant gentlemen have all departed, who is still hanging around but Rhett who, mocking the others for their futile persistence, has outbid them all?

Rhett directs his own scenes. He pretends to play to Scarlett's passion for melodrama when he is about to join the war. Kiss a departing soldier, he tells

The Great Movies, by William Bayer (Grosset & Dunlap)

her; not Rhett, but a movie hero going into battle. Scarlett kisses neither Rhett nor the melodrama. The scene is Rhett's. He is ever making comments such as "at this point" or "now" when he is alone with Scarlett, as if he is blocking out his own ardor. Rhett is incapable of not looking intensely amused or intensely troubled. He must always prove to someone outside himself that he is feeling something.

But Scarlett is equally intensely uninterested. She is not attracted to Rhett; Rhett is an essential ingredient of her maturity, as in fact are all the men in Scarlett's life: the Hamilton boy whom she marries first who is innocence; Frank Kennedy whom she marries next, who is business and finance; and finally Rhett who is experience and vitality. Scarlett's monogram changes accordingly: from surprise (S.O.H.) to stability (S.O.K.)to savvy (S.O.B.). She marries none of her husbands out of love, only practical need. Her love, she says, she reserves for Ashley, who is to her as she is to Rhett. At one point she vainly uses Rhett's own language of seduction on Ashley, absurdly begging him to flee with her to Mexico.

Ashley is the constant in her life, her fixed star. Scarlett is always married twice simultaneously: to innocence and Ashley; to money and Ashley; to power and Ashley. Ashley is constant because he is a version of history and tradition, specifically nostalgia. As he too often acknowledges, he represents the old, dead world. There is nothing to indicate that Scarlett could be content in such a world—Rhett rightly tells her so—yet she clings to the idea of Ashley nevertheless, because she needs nostalgia. That too is essential. Like Margaret Mitchell herself she knows nothing of the past but that it is "gone." In her conventional mind that fact alone makes it valuable.

On all levels *Gone with the Wind* is the most conventional of pictures. The O'Haras' black Mammy is everybody's black mammy, a little of Faulkner's Dilsey, a little more of Hattie McDaniel's "Beulah" (the radio character whom McDaniel later became) full of folk wisdom, stamina, common sense and character pseudoanalysis. Butterfly McQueen as Prissy the cowardly scatterbrain is similarly stereotyped, a female Mantan Moreland. Melanie Hamilton Wilkes is dutiful, resourceful, saccharine and kind, and shows no sign of ever being otherwise. Scarlett's silly sisters are as silly as we would wish them to be; Rhett is as dashing; Ashley as melancholy; the ladies of the town as gossipy; the young men as reckless, and so forth. There is something suspicious in this. Why should these people be so extraordinarily true to form?

They are *not* merely true to form but are gross exaggerations of the forms they represent. Clark Gable does not simply flash his sardonic grin; he is his grin, and nothing more. Similarly Ashley is his sighing, Melanie her virtue. There is a telling point in that scene at the start of the movie when O'Hara displays his Tara before Scarlett. The camera rises and backs up to frame the scene with the side of a huge tree. This

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is accompanied by the theme music making an enormous crescendo. If you had walked in on that scene, you would think it was the end of the picture. Like the characters, the tableau is allegorical, an exaggeration, a "humor" of itself.

Because they are so exaggerated, the movie's conventions become unconventional. They are bigger and more consistent than we ever would expect them to be. Among and through them walks Scarlett, who is bigger yet: she who is conventional in essence, and the more so for being tagged by the others as rebellious. Meanwhile none of the other figures is in the slightest way transformed by Scarlett's presence. Instead what she does is to bring out, heighten and clarify their characteristics, as no one in the movie is ever quite as much himself as he is with Scarlett.

She goes her own way to the end. Riches and a comfortable marriage to Rhett mean no more to her than her former poverty. She is no more or less Scarlett when she wants or when she has. At the end she has pursued Ashley once too often, and Melanie learns the truth. Yet when Melanie dies, and Ashley might be Scarlett's at last, despite his protests, Scarlett gives up under the pretext that she now believes that Ashley really did love Melanie after all. It clearly is a pretext. Scarlett never did want to marry Ashley; she sought what he could offer, which was not only the past, but the cognizance of death. His name is Ashley, a man like the dead.

When Scarlett Butler throws herself at Ashley for the last time, which is the moment when it becomes clear even to Rhett that Scarlett does not care for him, Scarlett is most brilliantly herself. At Rhett's goading she wears a dazzling scarlet gown to a tea at the Wilkes. To Rhett such a dress is the standard emblem of adultery, but to Scarlett this is her confirmation gown, the cloth and color of her astounding pride in being the only nonhypocrite of the story. Rhett's cool and swagger disguise his vapidity, particularly from himself. Ashley's "traditions" did the same for him. But Scarlett is never disguised nor self-deceived. She knows what she wants, though what she wants is "tomorrow" and elusive.

With her self-assertion she reaches what are commonly called "mythic proportions." Yet she is not a god in the mythic sense; she makes no judgments about her creations, and is thoroughly unconcerned with her world. Rather her immense size and power derive from her concentrations inward. Scarlett never leaves Scarlett for a moment. She is solely preoccupied with herself—not with her individual ups or downs, her looks or feelings, but with her whole contained existence.

I believe there is only one brief scene in those three hours and 45 minutes in which Scarlett does not appear (the "quittin' time" scene in the fields). If *Gone with the Wind* were intended as an epic, that imbalance would be impossible. We would need to know what was going on in the legislatures, in the battlefields, in the hospitals, and so forth, apart from Scarlett. In terms of dramatic effectiveness such excursions would explain Scarlett more thoroughly. But Scarlett has no need for excursions or for exposition. She is the epic.

Because she is all action, Scarlett takes us back to a civilization gone with the wind: antebellum, ante-Darwin, ante-Freud. We take to her not because we feel that one can and should live only the surfaces, but because we realize that it is in fact impossible. Watching Scarlett and only Scarlett hour upon hour is like watching magic: a set of interlocking rings that miraculously dissolve, a glass of water turned to confetti, a dove in a man's hand. In the instance of Scarlett, the trick is character.

At the start of the country, as at the start of *Gone with the Wind*, hopes were high, resources were infinite, and the end of good times was not in sight. When our various wars of mind and body arrived, as with *Gone with the Wind*, promise gave way to reality. In response we invented illusion, the means by which we learned to live with promise brought low by reality: minstrel shows, circuses, and movies most of all. Scarlett is an illusion brought to us by an illusion. When she consoles herself that tomorrow is another day, she means promise, but we only hear illusion. Of course, tomorrow is another day; that is exactly what it is.

What Scarlett could just as well have said is, "tomorrow, *be* another day." She could have stood at the door of her house and shouted an order. It is certain to have been carried out. Tomorrow would have complied and been at Scarlett's door bright and early, just as surely as if Scarlett had cupped her hands to her mouth and ordered a ham and cheese, easy on the mayo. For

DEATH OF A UTOPIA

THE DEVELOPMENT AND DECLINE OF STUDENT MOVEMENTS IN EUROPE

GIANNI STATERA

Gianni Statera views the European student movements of the late 1960's within their historical and sociological context and proposes that they were unique phenomena in history— short-lived, explosive outbreaks affecting politics, society, and culture. He examines the campus movements in such modern industrial societies as France and Italy and concludes that their ultimate destruction was inherent in the Utopian ideology which carried them forward. "...The most comprehensive work yet written on the protest movement which swept through European universities in the late 60's."— Seymour Martin Lipset, Harvard University
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Scarlett is the muse of ham and cheese, the all-American fatal woman with the soul of a perky car-hop.

"I never liked Scarlett," Vivien Leigh said once. "I knew it was a marvelous part, but I never cared for her." That is probably why she played the part so well—precisely because Scarlett did not care for herself either. In many ways she is too much to care for: an amalgam of popular wishes poured into a cliché—a Southern belle, a Hollywood star—who is not likeable because she is too grand for such considerations. We took our car-hop, dressed her in a hoop skirt, and set up a trust fund. We gave her everything we had: the daughter of Rosie O'Grady, hard-hearted Hannah, the girl that I marry, the girl of my dreams.

Roger Rosenblatt

ROGER ROSENBLATT *is director of educational programs, National Endowment for the Humanities, and the author of* Black Fiction *(Harvard University Press).*

The Working-Class Majority by Andrew Levison

(Coward, McCann & Geoghegan; $8.95)

An odd cultural resistance marks many literate persons on the Democratic left. In recent years a sizable body of work has tried to persuade them, as Andrew Levison puts it in this splendid addition to the genre, that the "critical and basic political problem facing liberals, the Democratic party, and all Americans who hope for progress today" is "the blue-collar vote."

From a radical point of view Richard Parker showed the economic needs of workers in *The Myth of the Middle Class;* Richard Sennett in *The Hidden Injuries of Class* has shown indignities daily suffered; and Robert Coles in a series of books and articles on the many diverse sorts of "middle Americans" has sketched some of the complexity and subtlety of mind workers share with everybody else. From a Democratic conservative point of view, Richard Scammon and Ben Wattenberg in *The Real Majority* (and the latter alone in *The Real America)* have laid out supporting materials. Then Irving Bluestone, Brendan and Patricia Sexton, Peter Binzen, Sar Levitan (in *Blue Collar Workers),* Arthur B. Shostak, Nancy Seifer, Irving Howe (through a special issue of *Dissent),* and others have tried to make our perception of working-class life cleave more honestly to reality.

Yet as though none of this had been established, *The New York Times* reports on the struggle at the Kansas City mini-convention as essentially a struggle between the unions, on the one side, and "blacks, women and the young," on the other. Is it wrong to sense behind these stories a kind of exultation (based on class) among the literate when "blacks, women and the young" prevail? Levison describes the syndrome succinctly: "Many liberals and progressives . . . have decreed they must either compromise their ideals or ignore the workingman and seek a coalition of women, youth, the alienated. They sidestep the blue-collar issues and look elsewhere for a constituency."

Why does this happen? Levison's book does not *tell* the answer, but his whole enterprise illustrates it. Many years ago when Levison's father (to whom his book is dedicated) worked with the CIO, to stand on the left meant to stand with the working class and on the ground of working-class issues. Today the left in America has established itself in a new social class, the class of the college educated and those who earn a professional salary (let us say $15,000 or more a year), and who work according to professional hours (their schedules more or less their own). Decade by decade since 1930 the center of gravity of the left has shifted inexorably to issues that concern the more affluent and the more highly educated, especially "moral" and "cultural" issues. An important part of the left lost its roots in the cultural and life experiences of working people, blue-collar or white-collar. Today the magazines, music, cinema and political religions of this new social base are quite distinctive. Its cuisine, living patterns, vacation patterns and habits of life alter its perception of the world. Thus a book reintroducing working-class perspectives has a pedagogical role.

Levison's book is exceedingly helpful because, young and sensitive as he is, he has worked with working-class people, liked them, and found it morally possible to present the feeling and texture of their lives in several extended anecdotes. For those who have known only suburb, college, graduate school and professional world, his book is, in certain sections, like a journey to another planet: particularly in the chapters entitled "The Discontents of Work" and "The Discontents of Community Life." He describes the actual work he did for eight hours and he describes his friends. The impact is shattering. On such systematic abuse of human beings as he describes are built our leisure to write and think and the structure of our professional possibilities. From the sweat of other persons' backs we reap our advantages.

In the chapter "Working Class Political Opinion," Levison supports a number of points other writers (notably Andrew Greeley) have been shouting into the dark for years. The actual, measured opinion of union workers (and of working people generally) is often far more liberal than liberals suppose, and even more liberal than that of "the new class" (of managers and professionals). Levison on 1972: "Nixon received the vote of a little more than half, 54 per cent, of union families, according to the Gallup polls. The upper middle class, however, the professionals and the businessmen, gave him 69 per cent of their vote. Even the 'tolerant' liberal elite who are always portrayed as an island in a sea of prejudice, gave Nixon a whopping 63 per cent of their vote." Unionists did not go to Nixon as much as the affluent and the educated did. In a Gallup poll of October 1972, he adds, Kennedy won 53 percent of the working class vote to Nixon's 41 percent.

The most important contributions Levison makes probably fall in his first chapter, a fascinating and shocking interpretation of census figures that have conventionally been taken at face value; and in the chapters, "The Influence of Unions on the Working Class" and "The Current Scene."

In his brilliant first chapter Levison refuses to accept the conventional picture of the "blue-collar" job. *The New Industrial State, One Dimensional Man,*

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Future Shock and other such books exult in "a dramatic shift from blue collar to white collar, from brawn to brain" in American society. Only 37.5 percent of the work force, it is said, is "blue-collar." The rest is "middle class." Levison shows how false this picture is.

For many manual jobs are hidden in the other census categories: farmers and farm laborers, of course; but also all service workers, including guards, watchmen, cooks, housekeepers, hospital and other attendants, barbers, police, firemen, janitors, waiters, dishwashers, porters, ushers, elevator operators, sweepers, doormen, shoeshine boys, etc; and then, under "clerical," the postmen, supermarket boys, bill collectors, baggagemen, peddlers, office machine operators, bus and train dispatchers, telegraph operators, etc.; and, finally under "clerical and sales" the 70 percent of all women workers (even half-time) who work as telephone operators, cashiers, salesgirls, typists, receptionists, nurses aides, cafeteria helpers, etc.

Thus the true figure for those who do rote manual labor from nine 'til five, Monday through Friday, is "probably 60-62 percent." The United States is not a middle-class society: over 60 percent work with their hands. Out of 45 million male workers in 1969, less than three million have been added to the middle class since 1950—significant but not revolutionary. The manual laborers still outnumber the middle class, 26 million to 19 million, and this rate of change—even assuming continued boom conditions—promises a working-class majority until at least the next century.

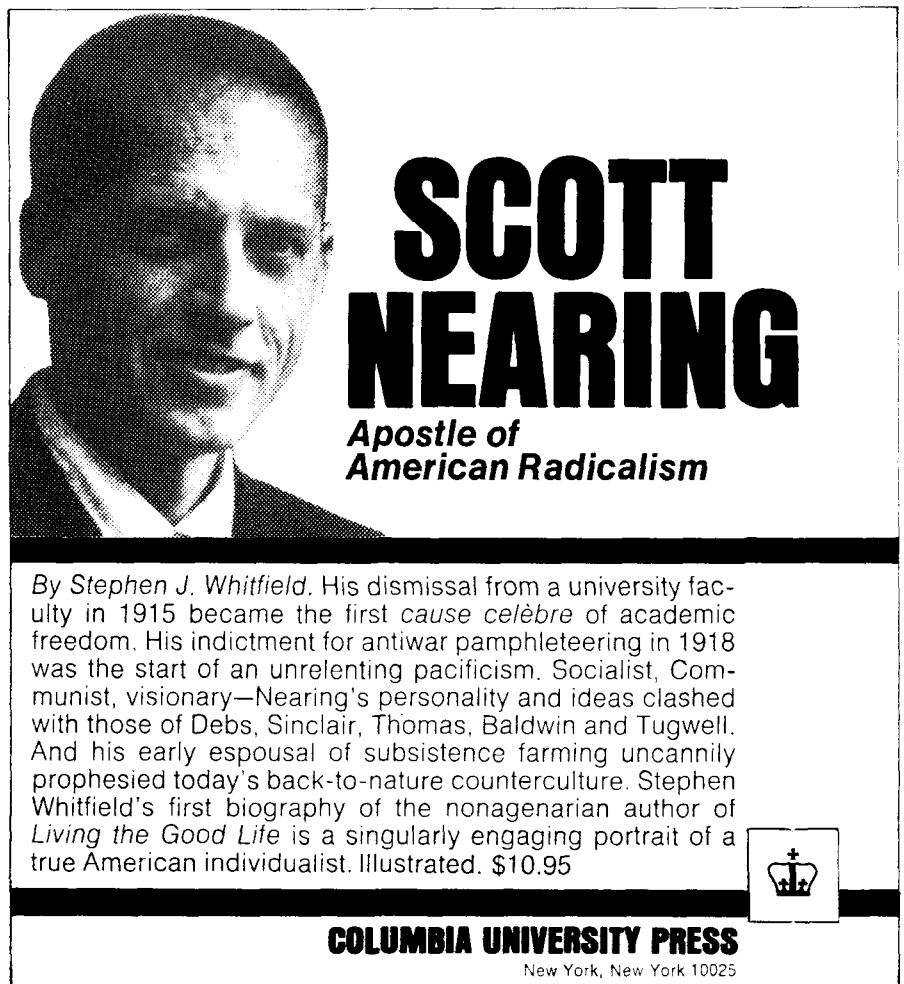
And that seems to promise a politics liberal in substance if not in style—*i.e.*, on economic and racial matters, if not on moral and rhetorical issues. Total union membership is about 19 million, and blacks number three million, a far higher ratio than in the population, in the universities or in "the new class." Almost 20 percent of the UAW and Steelworkers are black; over 20 percent of the Letter Carriers, Postal Clerks, American Federation of Teachers, the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Workers, Amalgamated Meat Cutters and others are black; almost half the Longshoremen are black. Forty key locals in auto and steel are controlled by blacks. The labor movement is "the most substantial power base black people in America have." I would add that working people, even in Boston, have also experienced a far higher degree of integration in their neighborhoods and schools than any upper-class segments of the population. (Before busing, blacks numbered 16 percent in some of South Boston's now terribly torn schools.)

In 1972, to repeat a figure hard to absorb, only one-third of the college educated liberal elite voted for McGovern. Almost half the union workers voted for him. In America liberal policies are fashioned chiefly by the professional class, including journalists, consultants, media experts. Liberal votes are delivered chiefly by the working class. Liberal opinions on traditional issues, including race, are more often expressed by the working class than by the upper classes, as all studies show. On "cultural" issues like the four measures by which Yankelovich discerns a "conservative" mood today, working people do seem to differ from the more affluent and highly educated. These four issues are: ending pornography, reinstating the death penalty, believing that selfishness and pleasure are rampant in America today, and that the American way of life is superior to other ways. But are such views truly "conservative"? If so what have "conservative" and "liberal" come to mean?

Levison is far from deep enough on the truly most difficult and basic question: what is the political vision, grounded in the life-experience of the working-class majority, that would lead to the necessary revision of American institutions, especially economic institutions, work institutions and the institutions of urban community? The weak ring of his rhetoric suggests an awful possibility. What if the worst enemy of a genuinely liberal politics may be the affluence and class interests of educated liberals? There may be a tragedy implicit in the structure of American professional life, separating professionals like ourselves from working people, making the nation ungovernable and the future a horror to contemplate. There may not be common ground between workers and professionals not because workers are not "liberal" enough, but because professionals are not, despite their rhetoric and their moral issues, liberal in the ways that workers are.

Michael Novak

MICHAEL NOVAK *is the author of, most recently,* Choosing Our King *and* The Rise of the Unmeltable Ethnics *(Macmillan).*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Jane Austen by Douglas Bush

(Macmillan; $6.95, $2.95 paper)

A Guide to Jane Austen by Michael Hardwick

(Scribner's; $6.95)

By the time of her death in 1817 Jane Austen had published four novels anonymously, earning some £700, a modest reward in a century in which best-selling authors like Scott and Trollope received £3000 for a single work. Jane's real beneficiaries were her publishers. Publishers continue to do well by her (the current *Paperbound Books in Print* lists 39 editions of her works, 14 of *Pride and Prejudice* alone), but then so do a host of Janeite appreciators, academic scholars and critics and professional authors. Douglas Bush estimates that in the years 1923-73 sixty-seven books on Jane Austen appeared, 31 in the last decade, and this doesn't include editions, parts of critical books, and hundreds of essays and articles. The *Annotated Bibliography of Jane Austen Studies: 1952-1972* (1973) listed 794 items in all. Now two years later, in the book category alone, six new titles must be added to the tally. Henry Austen, who went bankrupt in 1816 and later, in 1832, sold the copyrights the family retained to Bentley for £250, would be astonished to learn how many people are indirectly supported by his sister's fiction. It is unlikely that the royalties on most academic studies exceed or will ever exceed Jane's lifetime earnings but, in the context of promotion, tenure and merit increases in salary, many critics and scholars in the United States have reason to be grateful to her.

The number is likely to increase. 1975 is the bicentennial of her birth. Cambridge University Press is bringing out special commemorative collections of essays. And, as the books here under review testify, commercial presses which, like Jane Austen herself, want praise but pewter too, have expressed a timely interest in her work.

Even the most devoted Janeite must find the situation a little overwhelming. How can we taste, much less digest, all the offerings in view? How, as Miss Bates asked Jane Fairfax at the Crown Inn, shall we ever recollect half the dishes for grandmamma? Fortunately some of the offerings, such as Michael Hardwick's *Guide to Jane Austen*, need not be remembered at all.

It is a mystery why Scribner's accepted the work in the first place. Several guide books to Jane Austen, notably Marghanita Laski's beautifully illustrated *Jane Austen and Her World* (1969), were in existence before the writing of this study, and F. B. Pinion's *Jane Austen Companion* (1973) came out before it was issued. But Laski is not even mentioned in the bibliography and though Pinion's much superior work is noted approvingly it has not "deterred [the author] from continuing with this less academically-intentioned guide." Apparently Hardwick feels that as a professional, as opposed to academic, writer, he is exempt from certain requirements. Thus he does not "propose to offer an extensive bibliography." This means, among other gaps, that not a single work of American criticism is cited. As far as Hardwick is concerned, Marvin Mudrick's challenging attack on "gentle Janeism" (1952) might never have been written, or Lionel Trilling's celebrated essay on *Mansfield Park* (1954) made its influence felt far beyond Jane Austen studies. Even the best recent English criticism is ignored, most notably Tony Tanner's brilliant reading of *Sense and Sensibility* as a novel about civilization and its discontents (in his introduction to the Penguin edition, 1969).

The author of a "guide," however non-academic his intentions, must surely observe certain principles. In the current publishing scene he is not to be expected to read all Jane Austen criticism, but he should have a nose for what is significant. Then it is important that he be factually accurate. We should not be told that only 12 reviews are known to exist that appeared in Jane Austen's lifetime when three newly discovered contemporary reviews have been added to this total and made available by William S. Ward (in *Nineteenth-Century Fiction*, March 1972), or that Jane Austen's brother James pursued a career in the Royal Navy when, in fact, he was a clergyman, or that Jane Fairfax was saved from being a governess by Frank Churchill's *mother's* death, or that old Dashwood leaves the Dashwood girls a "meagre legacy of £300 each," when the sum is in fact £1000, or that after Maria Bertram's divorce Sir Thomas finds her a house in "a remote part of the country" when, in fact, the banishment is much more extreme, an establishment in *another* country. Such errors are hardly crucial, but in a guide that avoids anything in the way of critical analysis or evaluation and limits itself to the barest of character and plot descriptions they stand out prominently.

Not that the summaries are unexceptionable even when they are free of obvious errors. Often they seem likely to mislead one part of Hardwick's audience ("those readers who have little or no acquaintance" with Jane Austen's novels) while at the same time irritating another ("the seasoned lover" of her books). The latter will feel that violence is done to plot sequence when he reads, of *Ferrars, Edward:* "Mrs. Ferrars's elder son. Expected by his mother to marry the Hon. Miss Morton, he becomes engaged to Lucy Steele, which causes his mother to disinherit him. A reconciliation follows his escape from this entanglement and he marries his original love, Elinor Dashwood, and takes Holy Orders." And what are we to make of this entry: *"Bennet, William:* Of Longbourne [*sic*], near Meryton, Hertfordshire"? *William?* Is Mr. Bennet's first name ever mentioned? If it is, it has escaped the notice of this seasoned lover of *Pride and Prejudice*.

Generous use of apt quotations is a feature of the plot summaries too, more than two-thirds of the chapters on *Pride and Prejudice* and *Sense and Sensibility* being taken verbatim from the novels. Here again misrepresentation and errors are not absent. In the chapter on *Emma* nonsense is made of a paragraph through the imprecise identification

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of localities, and it is simply wrong to state that Emma "persuades [Harriet Smith] of Frank Churchill's interest" following the pathetic episode in which Harriet destroys the mementoes of her love for Mr. Elton. In this "scheme" Emma purposely names no names, thus preparing for her own future shock when she learns that the "superior" man she has been encouraging Harriet to fall in love with is not Churchill, but her own Mr. Knightley.

But what is, finally, the least satisfactory aspect of this guide is its total inability to convey a sense of the excitement and controversy Jane Austen has raised in the past 30 years or so. *Mansfield Park*, in particular, has divided readers into widely separate camps. Is the novel Jane Austen's greatest achievement, or an abject apostasy, a work in which, perhaps under the temporary influence of Evangelicalism, she proposed a morality of "cold, questionless obedience"? Is Fanny Price, the novel's patient heroine, an insufferable "prig-Pharisee," in the words of one critic, or a Christian heroine, as Lionel Trilling argued? Is the play episode "a ridiculous belly flop," as Kingsley Amis charged, or one of the most complex and resonant sequences in English fiction? Even "readers for whom English is not a first language" (another part of Hardwick's catch-all audience) might be interested in knowing of the existence of such issues and where the author stands on them.

Douglas Bush's *Jane Austen*, fortunately, is a much more memorable offering on Jane Austen's 200th birthday. Another "series" book intended for the general reader, *Jane Austen* differs from Hardwick's *Guide* in being accurate, authoritative, critical and readable. Not only does Prof. Bush know his author and his period thoroughly, but also he has done his homework in the criticism and the scholarship. While the blurb undoubtedly exaggerates in calling this "a biography and literary study combined," the chapters on "Jane Austen's England" and her life offer succinct and judicious commentaries on a number of topics—class, money, religion, manners, sexual morality—that are important to an understanding of her fiction. And throughout there are original touches—a comparison between *The Watsons* and Gissing's *The Odd Woman* here, a possible new source for Mrs. Norris in Fanny Burney's *Camilla* there—which enliven the critical narrative and assure us we are in the presence of a well stocked and wide-ranging mind.

The book is not above criticism. Some of the summarizing is pedestrian, particularly in the *Emma* chapter, and there are occasional unaccountable shifts from the present to the past tense as if the characters had suddenly moved from the no-time of fiction into the past-time of history. Sometimes the wit is labored, as when Fanny Price's problems over what to wear with the amber cross her brother gave her are said to set up a "chain-reaction." And from time to time there are occasional grandfatherly quarrels with "modern" tendencies to see life problematically that remind us that Bush started his distinguished scholarly career, in his own words, before women had risen in their wrath.

Douglas Bush's Jane Austen is a more orthodox figure than some modern criticism has allowed. She is not the ironist covertly undermining social values she seems to uphold, discovered by D. W. Harding and Marvin Mudrick, and her morality, far from being wholly secular, is shown to be grounded in a deep piety. Bush argues, surely rightly, that Jane Austen exists in the tradition of Dr. Johnson and Cowper, authors intensely aware of the after life. And he strikes the proper balance, it seems to me, in seeing her social comedy as "a blend of fundamental seriousness and silvery or astringent laughter."

In his criticism of individual novels Bush consistently adopts a cautious, commonsensical approach. The parodic *Northanger Abbey* is not so ambivalent about the relation of Gothic fiction to life as critics, following Trilling, have argued. Marianne Dashwood is not the "solitary, valiant nonconformist smothered by the suppressions and hypocrisies of conventional life" seen by many. Fanny Price, on the other hand, has suffered from a modern distrust of moral conformism, but "those who see her as an odious embodiment of odious virtue, and see the Crawfords as the rightful hero and heroine, are akin to the bygone sentimentalists who took Satan as the hero of *Paradise Lost*."

It is certain that the conservative positions taken on these and other issues in Jane Austen's fiction will not receive universal support—but then no consensus regarding Jane Austen's irony has yet been, or is likely to be, established. Thus books on Jane Austen will continue to appear, and one hesitates to estimate the number of critical items a bibliography in the year 2000 will list. But Prof. Bush's study deserves our attention. In writing a work that new readers of Jane Austen will read with enjoyment and seasoned lovers with respect, he effectively participates—as Mr. Hardwick emphatically does not—in a critical dialectic that seems to have become a central part of many people's lives.

Alistair M. Duckworth

ALISTAIR M. DUCKWORTH *is the author of* Improvement of the Estate: A Study of Jane Austen's Novels *(Johns Hopkins University Press).*

The Forging of a Rebel by Arturo Barea translated by Ilsa Barea

(Richard Seaver/Viking; $15)

This book—actually a trilogy of autobiographical volumes—first came out in English translation more than 25 years ago. Long out of print, it has now been attractively reissued by Richard Seaver, a publisher with an affection for books. *The Forging of a Rebel* is a record of a slow entrance into political consciousness, but far more interesting, a wonderfully full portrait of 20th century Spanish experience. I think it is one of the great autobiographies of our age.

It is an autobiography composed through the discipline of self-effacement. Rather than toying with self and sensibility, the narrator opens his memories to life regained, common Spanish existence during the early decades of the century. The writing is rich with social detail, sensuous impression, the felt passage of experience; compared to the vanities and aggrandizements of recent autobiography, this seems a book of chaste reticence; by keeping something to himself, the author has more to give the reader.

The boy grows up in the Madrid slums. Things happen to him; relatives gather, his mother's love awakens him, the senses register. But as a mature man turning back, he does not seek to impose an ideological scheme or a bias of nerves. He is content to recall the world

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as it was, beyond solipsism or design, the world as an object endlessly absorbing. The center of the book becomes a city, Madrid, and Madrid comes to stand for the whole of Spain stumbling wretchedly into modern civilization.

The chapters on Barea's childhood, as the son of a widowed washerwoman, move with a leisurely and sober rhythm, free of Spanish rhetoric. To love the shell of things is to reach their spirit. The inns, the gutters, the washerwomen at the rivers, the quarrels of the poor, the peasants encountered on trips to the countryside—all of this, snatched from the waste of time, yields pleasure, shape, concreteness. In the countryside, for example, there is Uncle Luis and Aunt Rogelia:

> *They were a happy couple and they had no problems. She was woman enough for all the needs of her powerful male, and in their youth, when the two of them were building up the forge between them, it was no rare thing for the door to be locked and the pair to turn a deaf ear to the knocking of customers. When they opened again, he would stand there, filling the doorway with his mighty body, smiling slyly at his neighbors' jokes.*

As a young man, Barea served in the Spanish colonial army in Morocco, and his account of disastrous expeditions against the Moors is an addition to the literature of anti-imperialism. The Spanish army emerges as an astonishingly corrupt institution: a pure chain of thievery from general to batman. In this long section on Morocco, perhaps the best in the book, all the putrefaction of Spanish society becomes stark, as if in preparation for 1936.

When he finally reaches the Civil War, Barea is somewhat disappointing, since now he must rely on thought rather than remembrance, and he is not really a cogent thinker. Like too many other leftists of his day, he falls back on sentiments of fraternity, a rhetoric of populist "unity" which among the adherents of the republic served to veil the role of Stalinism behind the lines. Like a good many other political men, Barea writes with a full emotional response only to memories of what happened to him before the clamp of politics was tightened.

Nevertheless *The Forging of a Rebel* is a splendid book, an evocation of a whole way of life. To read it is to be shaken into the discovery that even now, at this sad moment in our century, it is still possible to love the world's body.

Irving Howe

IRVING HOWE *is editor of* Dissent. *His most recent book is* The Critical Point *(Horizon Press).*

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The Odd Woman by Gail Godwin

(Knopf; $8.95)

At the time of Gail Godwin's first novel she amused people by saying, "I think everyone should have more apocalypses in their daily lives." That novel, *The Perfectionists*, and her next, *Glass People*, were short, evocative entertainments with sophisticated techniques. Like Godwin's statement, they suggested a breathless schoolgirl's approach to life and literature. She loaded them with symbols, but the books were too well constructed to be top-heavy. The "apocalypses" were sexual: beloved sex objects were angels in human form; the emotional pain lumped onto sex was sacred. By the end of *Glass People*, when the heroine was dressed by her husband as a Byzantine madonna and he knelt to worship at her feet, the divinity of sex was made explicit.

Godwin is now trying to rid her work of divinity fetishes. The title character of *The Odd Woman* is perfectly capable of thinking that everyone needs more daily apocalypses. Jane Clifford worries about this part of herself and thinks that she may have grounded her life in unreality. An English professor in her early 30s, single and living alone, she sees her lover, a married art historian in a neighboring state, a few times a year. He's dreamy and unruffled, one of Godwin's angelic men (and named Gabriel!). Jane has begun to wonder if she really needs an angel, if Gabriel's gentleness and remoteness, qualities that attracted her, hold her at too great a distance. Could she love a more accessible man?

The death of Edith, the aristocratic Southern grandmother who dominated Jane's girlhood, throws her into a panic. Edith's theories of womanhood and sex come back with more than their old power, and Jane's troublesome family begins to reassert itself. She leaves the funeral to meet Gabriel in New York. That relationship seems more like a retreat than ever. Jane is desperate.

Jane's fear that she has closed herself off from life is recognizable, but Godwin is unable to dramatize it. *The Odd Woman* is organized so that long introspective passages alternate with encounters that are meant to represent the stages of Jane's self-awareness and, clearly, to have universal applications for women. But Jane, who gets increasingly tiresome as the novel goes on, doesn't become self-aware. She learns very little as she slogs through her programmed course of instruction. We are ready to leave each lesson long before she is.

Like several recent novels, *The Odd Woman* owes much of its dialectic structure to Doris Lessing's *Children of Violence* pentalogy, in which Martha Quest explores herself and the world around her over many years and two continents. Martha was often as exasperating a character as Jane, but we stayed with the slow parts of her story because Lessing's emotional and intellectual sweep invited confidence. The confidence was justified by the imaginative completion of *The Four-Gated City*. Godwin merely confirms our fears that Jane's tentativeness won't lead to a confrontation with anything outside itself. *The Odd Woman*'s schematic organization is unpleasantly rigid, and Godwin has little to say.

Jane responds to students too frequently with a quote that doesn't answer anything, and she evades her own basic questions by thinking of characters with whom she wants to identify. *The Odd Woman* is full of literary allusions that backfire. When Jane compares herself to Isabel Archer or Gwendolen Harleth, we see the foolishness of the comparison; and we may wish that we were back reading *The Portrait of a Lady*

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or *Daniel Deronda*.

Dwelling on literature as a way of stalemating one's self is a potentially interesting subject for a novel, but I was never convinced that Godwin was aware of the problem. Jane approaches life as though it were a doctoral thesis that could be completed with mental note cards, and Godwin presents all of Jane's literary references so solemnly that the novel is footnoted like a thesis. The title is a footnote: Gissing's *The Odd Women*, which Jane is preparing to teach, is evoked so frequently that it becomes Godwin's novel-within-a-novel. Jane, trying to work out her life, makes a chart of Gissing's characters and the solutions they found. Gissing's 19th-century feminists and unhappy spinsters have problems that offer Jane no help with hers; but before Jane reaches that conclusion, Godwin has spent an inordinate number of words on a novel that is like her own only in the use of "odd" to mean "unmarried."

The flaws of *The Odd Woman* are crippling, but I may have made the book seem less promising than it is. One is always aware of Godwin's struggle with the demands she has made on herself, and there are places where her novelist's intelligence breaks through. Jane's meetings with Gabriel and their bedroom clashes are shaped by a good, tense interplay. Her attempt to find a dress in Saks is harrowingly real. In the successful scenes Godwin is returning to the tone of her earlier work, and I'm not suggesting that she should simply go back to what she is good at. She was right to know that she couldn't grow as a writer by continuing with those little fables about sexual apocalypses and exquisite neuroses. But now she has to find a subject.

John Alfred Avant

JOHN ALFRED AVANT *is a free-lance critic and fiction librarian of the Brooklyn Public Library.*

Coming

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Love Feast by Frederick Buechner

(Atheneum; $7.95)

Frederick Buechner has said in one of his lectures: "At its heart most theology, like most fiction, is essentially autobiography." He admits: "I am a part-time novelist who happens also to be a part-time Christian because part of the time seems to be the most I can manage to live out my faith. . . ." *Love Feast*, the third volume of a trilogy, completes a process of self-recognition and revelation for Buechner. Its relationship to the earlier books, *Lion Country* and *Open Heart*, is paradoxical, for in those books the precision of language, the strength, inventiveness and whimsy of character, and the story itself promised a resolution Buechner doesn't manage gracefully in *Love Feast*. But it is still a novel of contemporary wit and elegance, full of small truths and unexpected mysteries. As Yeats said, out of our quarrels with ourselves comes poetry.

Antonio Parr is the narrator of the trilogy. Assuming a surprising prominence in *Love Feast*, he is an urbane, interesting man who changes vocation periodically to keep up with his shifting concerns. Leo Bebb, whom even his wife Lucille suspects might be, literally, from outer space, crosses Parr's path in his writing period. Bebb is the founder of the Church of Holy Love ("Put yourself on God's payroll—go to work for Jesus NOW"), a former Bible salesman with a Tweedledum mouth and a fluttering eyelid. Parr responds to an advertisement for Bebb's correspondence degree in theology and, when they meet in New York City, Bebb draws Parr in with quicksilver aphorisms, candid and coy comments based on the Bible and Bebb's own experience. The quasi-educational mission of the Church of Holy Love intrigues the narrator and would-be muckraker, and he follows the spiritual leader of the organization to Florida, then to Texas, where we hear a family tale—Parr marries Bebb's daughter Sharon, the "willowy carnivore, that sleepy-limbed huntress"—a tale spanning three books and at least a decade.

In the midst of hilarious incidents, Buechner's autobiographical exploration reveals a fine control and sense of timing. Since he is not burdened by a need to fill each page with only his experience, he is free to respect the gifts and adventures of his characters. He brings episodes to life in spare, conversational prose, revealing his preoccupation with the preoccupations of his characters—Parr and Bebb and Gertrude Conover, Bebb's blue-haired companion and patroness after his wife dies, and Nancy Ogelthorpe, a peripatetic and ungainly cheerleader for Bebb, the first to confess at the Princeton revival of the Church of Holy Love. Bebb may be a jester for Jesus, the motley crew of ministers he ordains may not be reliable apostles of Christian love; but Antonio Parr manages to shrug off quotations from religious and classical works which call into question the overriding issues of love and death. When Parr makes known Buechner's concern by speaking of his own, the words are John Donne's, but the focus is the author's.

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things and is, perhaps, the most forthright volume of the trilogy. *Love Feast* is a simpler tale, shifting attention from the jazz cacaphony of the city and magic light of the South to a more relaxed suburban setting, peopled by those we might expect to meet in Princeton or Connecticut. Of course the incongruities Buechner notes in the characters of the first books still crop up in *Love Feast* and serve, again, to give otherwise weighty observations—on death and first meetings, on the aging dowagers of Princeton or rekindled friendship through physical love—an ironic air. Bebb's canny ways—he reminded me of Pinye Salzman, the marriage broker in Malamud's *The Magic Barrel*—his otherworldly prescience, become more pronounced in *Love Feast*, as do Antonio Parr's unheroic and trustworthy dimensions.

Buechner's faith seems as stark and mysteriously natural as the desert. No dogma confines his writing, no credo fixes his characters for judgment. He claims to be a part-time Christian, yet to him the messages of Christ show themselves often, even in peculiar, mundane circumstances. In fact Buechner's sense of God and Christian teachings has a vigorous and fanciful quality, born of the Testaments and a conviction that "the language of God is metaphor" and that religion must be learned through story.

It is not surprising, then, that *Love Feast* closes artificially, when we no longer expect resolution to a tale we should have known all along would lead to new chapters and defy conventional ending. Antonio Parr's explanation of his disengagement from and then renewed involvement with his life in terms of *decathexis* only partially illuminates the intimate forces of the novel. When he returns to his pregnant wife, and a young woman student of Parr's marries his nephew, and we know the ironic details of alliances among the four, we can forgive Buechner the neatness of the history only because of the charm of his final report. Instead of leaving us a puzzle with many combinations, Buechner has pieced the story together for the sake of form.

The novel lapses elsewhere, too; when Buechner relies at the outset on the metaphor of home movies to introduce the events of *Lion Country* and *Open Heart* the device doesn't seem as pertinent or integrated here as it once did in Delmore Schwartz' "In Dreams Begin Responsibilities" which made home movies famous. Or, at occasional moments, when Buechner repeats clever descriptions from earlier works (for instance, his speculation on what self-service elevators do at night working out the unanswered calls from the day) I felt cheated of fresh insight.

Love Feast, if not a major work, finishes a provocative and often forceful trilogy. Buechner is a deeply serious man who understands how to cajole believers and non-believers alike. He is a craftsman, not a sage, using humor and modest conviction above all as his tools. His preference for change and hope in the experience of his characters—aspects of the faith he shares through many details of story—is substantially convincing.

Lincoln Caplan

LINCOLN CAPLAN *is a student at the Harvard Law School.*

Two Memoirs

Should an elderly female trustee of Thomas Merton's literary estate really be allowed to review books about him? I don't know but I can claim, with my hand on *The Seven Storey Mountain*, that I had nothing to do with the publication of either book. I had, in fact, mental reservations (no one asked me to verbalize them) about *Thomas Merton, Monk* and went around muttering "scissors and paste" when I heard about it. And, concerning Kelly's book, there is no law against the publication of doctoral or magisterial theses.

Thomas Merton, Monk: A Monastic Tribute
edited by Brother Patrick Hart
(Sheed & Ward; $8.95)

Man Before God
by Joseph Kelly, S.J.
(Doubleday; $7.95)

But *Thomas Merton, Monk* turns out to be a book worth reading, worth owning, worth picking up and dipping into again and again, a handsome volume to handle. Brother Lavrans' woodcuts, the clarity of the page, the Victor Hammer portrait in color as a frontispiece all add up to pleasure. Pending the publication of a full-length biography, it also fills a need. The varying angles of vision result in a more complete view than we have had so far of complicated, simple, open-and-hidden Merton. A collection of essays written by his brothers and sisters in religious life might have been one-sided. But it isn't so. Years of interviewing, reading and studying correspondence will someday produce a "definitive life"; right now you can discover a lot about the man here.

Patrick Hart prepares the scene well in his preface, leading the reader into Matthew Kelty's opening essay on all the small things one wants to know (and is seldom told): "Clothes did not suit him well: I mean he never looked neat and spruce, though in his monk's habit he was presentable enough. Things rather hung on him and somehow looked baggy and shapeless. Even when dressed in civilian clothes, he did not look sharp, but a trifle disordered and disorganized. . . ." About what it was like to talk to him and on to deeper matters, so that you end up knowing that Merton was real. An objective, but lovingly objective, portrait of the monk and his place in his community.

When Fr. John Eudes Bamberger's piece, "The Monk," was first published in *Continuum* I thought it by far the best and clearest understanding of Merton, and I still think so. The inclusion of Dom James Fox's memoir seems to me an excellent idea. We have all read so much about Merton's intramural abbatial problems, usually described by people who knew next to nothing about them, that it is good to have this change of focus. Thérèse Lentfoehr's contribution of two portraits and two poetic snapshots with no hint of redundance, indicates something about the depth of the subject. Almost every chapter bears rereading—David Steindl-Rast's "Man of Prayer" contains invaluable material that sounds as though it came straight from the best kind of taped interview with Merton. Dom Jean Leclercq ("The Evolving Monk") understood him well; one of his statements clears up the pure paradox so many seem to find in Merton: "There were in him, not two men—for few personalities have been as well integrated as his—but two spheres of activity: that of the writer . . . and that of the close friend." Charles Dumont writes well on Merton as contemplative, clearly understanding him as poet as well.

One can find some reasons for carping. One piece seems more intent on quot-

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ing Merton to prove a point than telling us anything about him; a statement that Merton "was not a first-class original thinker" with which some might take issue; and wonderment that he read so widely, and managed to take it all in; perhaps a slight misreading of the Merton sardonic humor. All minor points. The editor might have checked references to material that is now available in *Contemplation in a World of Action* or *Asian Journal* but was not in print when these essays were written.

But he has to get a straight "A" for selection and for the placement of the chapters. The book ends with Fr. Flavian Burns' model homily; it is impossible to think of how it could have been better said, and remarkable when one realizes that the speaker was not only the Abbot of Merton's monastery but one of his closest friends.

It is unfair to review in the same breath Fr. Kelly's book *Man Before God*. It is readable, and I am sure it fulfills its stated purpose: to assess Merton's writings on man's social responsibility. Unfortunately theses (even though the footnotes have been well handled so as not to distract the reader unduly) are seldom exciting reading, unless the research has uncovered exciting finds. This may very well be a personal quirk but whenever I read a thesis in book form I wonder: "Why not go to the original printed source?"

I have two small objections to *Man Before God*. Fr. Kelly, writing of Merton's feelings shortly before his ordination to the priesthood, says:

> *. . . he had another insight into the monastic priesthood, and wrote rather bitterly, "I took up the* Spiritual Directory *to read the chapter on employments because in point of fact that is what the priesthood means in a Trappist monastery: employments, jobs, business." This lone, cynical statement hardly seems to destroy the idealistic view in which Merton held the monastic priesthood. It was likely a complaint against the system which Merton wrote down and promptly forgot. But the fact remains that he published very little about his own concept of the function of a priest in a contemplative monastery, and said little about his own priesthood other than rather standard pious clichés.*

Checking the quotation in *The Sign of Jonas*, because that was not a time when I remembered him as being bitter or cynical, I found that what Merton said was: ". . . employments, jobs, business. It is a good, sensible chapter. Don't desire them too much, don't fear them too much. Saint Francis de Sales' principle: ask for nothing, refuse nothing." Hardly a bitter and cynical statement. I suspect the reason Merton wrote little about his priesthood was because it was a deeply personal and private matter.

Fr. Kelly may not have considered Merton's *My Argument With the Gestapo* as important to the puzzle he was putting together. Perhaps I misread Kelly, but he seems to see Merton's interest in social concerns as something brought on by world events, national events, rather than something springing from seeds long planted inside the man. He does mention his Harlem experience glancingly. But one of the fascinating things about Merton's life is the gradual development of all that was there so early—poet, peacemaker, social activist, dreamer, traveler—staying so long in one place and all the while moving on.

Naomi Burton Stone

NAOMI BURTON STONE *was Thomas Merton's agent, friend, editor. She is a co-trustee of his literary estate, and was formerly senior editor at Doubleday.*

Man of Music

Liszt: the Artist as Romantic Hero
by Eleanor Perényi

(Atlantic/Little, Brown; $15)

"The Romantic ego is insufferable and Liszt is of all Romantics the most insufferable." This statement, on the first page of Eleanor Perényi's text, leads the reader into a unique mixture of speculation, hard research, hasty judgments and interesting theories. Thought provoking though it is, the book is scarcely thought concluding. One sentence reads: "He comes down to us through his sins of personality in the guise of charlatan, the supreme poseur, when he was nothing so simple." He may have posed at times (who doesn't?), but a

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charlatan?—no. He knew what he could do, and he did it better than anyone else. A few pages further on Perényi says: "Liszt was one of the snobs of history." Not a bit of it. Oddly the remainder of the book shows her great effort, perhaps unconscious, to disprove this point.

It's a most curious book: scandalmongering with delight (how many women did Liszt sleep with?), bringing out facts that biographers have seemingly overlooked, brashly mixing solid writing with 20th-century slang, and informing all who are interested in Liszt as both man and musician. The author is correct in many instances, such as giving no credence to the famous Beethoven embrace. But she misquotes titles such as Liszt's essays *De la situation* (not *position*) *des artistes* and misinforms the reader when she says that his letters as edited by La Mara are in the original French. (They are in either French or German as he wrote them.) Because she doubts that he read Turgenev's novels she asserts that "those who try to make an intellectual out of Liszt are under a misapprehension." On the contrary, I think he was the most intellectual of all the great composers. His inattention to Russian novelists is hardly relevant. Perényi herself establishes an intellectual relationship by writing: "If Byron and Hugo had never lived there would have been no Liszt." Had she followed him through to the end of his life she would have found other writers, particularly in sociology and theology, who whetted his intellectual appetite.

There is in Perényi a slight tendency toward snobbishness. Referring to Chopin she writes: "He was also better born than Liszt, better educated. . . ." Better born—what has that to do with genius?; better educated—very doubtful. An autodidact can become extremely well educated.

Perényi is hipped on sex, and sometimes contradicts herself. "Unless one happens to think fornication between consenting adults a sin, there is nothing wicked about Liszt, who was generosity itself and never betrayed a friend . . . Corrupted beauty, the purging properties of degradation were unknown to him: he never plucked the flowers of evil." A few pages further on: "Somehow, he had no right to top-drawer women, and when they threw themselves at his head it was resented. Actresses and female novelists he could have been allowed; Lola Montez might have passed; and a *déclassée* baroness or two. Marie d'Agoult, Carolyne Wittgenstein, and Olga Meyendorff (his last official mistress) were not *déclassée;* and two of them staked position and fortune in order to live with him. Even his fellow romantics found this intolerable." A word about this Olga: there is nothing in his letters to her to support her mistress-ship.

Some of the author's musical judgments and knowledge seem faulty. Thalberg was certainly no pygmy. Her comparison of Liszt's B-minor sonata and Schubert's *Wanderer Fantasy* is hardly convincing. And her reference to Chopin's "B-flat Concerto" is downright mystifying. It is also astonishing to read that the *Graner Messe* is an orchestral work. On the other hand no one would contest this: "Liszt was probably the nineteenth century's greatest composer of religious music, alone in his blend of scholarship, originality and devotion."

With all its faults and weaknesses (there are numerous errors—the footnote numbers to chapters 26 and 27 are wrong, and the quoted paragraph on page 409 is from a letter to the Princess Wittgenstein, not Marie d'Agoult) the book is still stimulating and fruitful. It sheds new light on aspects of Liszt's life that call for further clarification, it is an attempt (perhaps feeble) to psychoanalyze Liszt and his romantic milieu and thus provides a starting point for others to go further. The author has done a vast amount of reading. Her conclusions may well be questioned, but despite their vernacularity, they are not frivolous.

Edward N. Waters

EDWARD N. WATERS *is chief of the reference department, music division, Library of Congress.*

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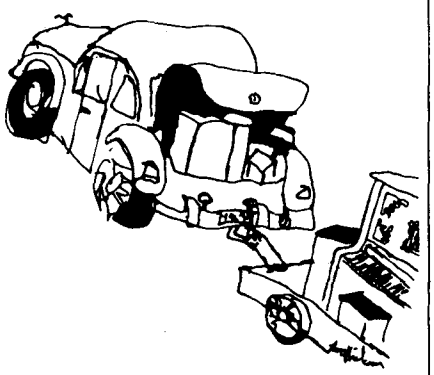

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Patrick Sullivan on TV

Frederick Wiseman's Primate

Wiseman is a filmmaker established and secure in his skills and in his basic "curiosities," his intentions, his inquiries. He is committed to a study of individuals and institutions of American life, not individuals for themselves and not institutions separable from how persons having institutional functions go about "serving" other persons. Other persons are almost always in positions of much less power than the people given various kinds of institutional authority. Only in *Essene* (1972) did Wiseman explore the problems of authority and community in a non-

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public institutional setting; viewers of *Basic Training* might wonder if those training camps were not even more "private" than a religious community.

1967: *Titicut Follies*. Since then, *High School, Law and Order, Hospital, Basic Training, Essene,* and *Juvenile Court. Primate:* the third film financed under a one-film per year for five years contract with Corporation for Public Broadcasting. *Primate* was aired in December over PBS channels.

In *Primate* and his other films, Wiseman makes his social analysis stick by making dramatically important the daily routines of the institutions being studied. He wants us left, not with a sense of discovery, but with a sense of recognition. Wiseman constructs his films so that we find ourselves *there,* with the camera. We are observers: routine situations, representative sorts of encounters, conversations, duties, expressions and attitudes come together to create their own story. For Wiseman and then for us, the habitual becomes the representative. His films have no overriding commentary or narrator as in the traditional documentary. Such an element would destroy the essential aspect of involved observance, the spectator not being told, the onlooker who knows as one sees that one must judge for oneself, that one's humanity is somehow being tested as one watches.

If Wiseman is solidly established in reputation and achievement, he is also seriously criticized. His films have met with angry denunciation, from principals portrayed in his films who charge that the film has conveyed a false view of themselves and their function. These individuals have denounced the latest film on a primate research center outside Atlanta. They've learned that others do not see it as they do, much like the William Louds of the "An American Family" series who thought it all fine until they discovered others thought their lives fatuous, pathetic, self-deceived and exhibitionistic. *Primate* is not a film designed to reduce anyone's anger.

For an hour and 45 minutes we watch a carefully constructed exposé of primate-research obscenities. Wiseman gives us bewilderingly little information about the nature of the experiments, the goals of the research group, the rationale for individuals' behavior. As if explanation of the lab's purposes would diminish our attention and weaken the film's impact, Wiseman sustains a sense of confusion and horror. Our own "innocence" suffers betrayal and degradation analogous to the monkeys, who must undergo everything from constant surveillance to death by dissection. Not since *Titicut Follies* has the filmmaker's point of view been quite so incandescently hostile. Not since *Dr. Strangelove* has there been a film that mocks the arrogance of small men blinded in the maze of scientific technological one-upmanship. In Wiseman's eye at least, there is a madness to massively financed "scientific method."

The place (a series of low-lying structures) is dreary in feeling, a setting that has no interest of its own. The place sometimes feels like a laboratory, other times like a hospital, often like a prison camp where "research" means acceptable atrocity. At first, though, the film shows us women feeding baby monkeys, talking to them and treating them in warm, sometimes empty phrases of nurses in a hospital. Along with the feedings go diapers, blood samples, other indications of "care" and applied medicine.

Wiseman also introduces the observational side of the research being conducted: two men, young and professional acting (one appears to be a visitor) discuss a photograph of two apes mating and examine the checksheets for monitoring gorillas' behavior *in their cages.* The men speak of what another researcher saw "in the wild," and of what they themselves can observe here. They seem indifferent to the gap between nature and technology to the extent that they appear insensitive to how limited their research can be. The pipe-smoking, complacent scientist comes out sounding pompous and voyeuristic.

The first third of *Primate* portrays the routines of this laboratory. There are technicians, scientists, doctors, attendants and custodial people. The society of the lab is hierarchical: America's class society is very much in evidence. And if the technicians and scientists appear impassive and nonreflective as types, the attendants (most often

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black) carry a kind of humanity with their work that enables Wiseman once or twice to register a reaction of anxiety and compassion to what is going on.

What *is* going on? We are not explicitly told. The first experiment we watch involves a monkey's ability to identify symbols on an electronic board, the emphasis here more on the gadgetry than on the purpose or process itself. We peer into this peculiar institution that demands new kinds of attention from the "uninitiated." We hear familiar language like "my babies" applied to animals given no more than a token consideration. Gradually our confusion yields to indignant frustration as the routines become more unsettling, the explanation remote. The collage of initial impressions grows to a visual indictment of a freakish and frightening use of human intelligence. For this place is a concentration camp of behavioral research, this plant that our government sponsors and for which our society trains "elite" personnel.

Several men in lab uniforms sit around a table discussing "the artificial insemination grant." The conversation rambles, no real investment is evident, the decisions seem perfunctory, and the coordinator's last words evoke bemused, sarcastic skepticism: " . . . let nature take its course." Where is nature? Everything we see is tied to electronic technology and control of one form or another. In the sequences that follow the planning meeting, animals are subjected to electronic stimulation to test sexual activity, locomotion, etc., as well as used for some kind of exploratory surgery, dental analysis, sperm "collection." The animals' faces, particularly those of the rhesus monkeys as they are being fitted with electronic headpieces riveted to the skull, register responses of pain, resistance and frustration that do carry clear visual meanings for us. For the monkeys are prisoners and pawns. And when one large gorilla is carried back to its cell (after surgery of some kind) to the accompaniment of wild and loud screams from the other caged animals, the intense but suppressed anger generated by the film up to this point finds symbolic release.

A kind-sounding, conscientious man explains directly to the camera the nature of his experiment in monkey movement. Yet the brief documentation of the experiment itself offers us darkly comic and pathetic images of a drugged animal almost completely paralyzed by the apparatus hung about it for the experiment (William Brayne's photography is especially effective here). Next we observe the pipe-puffing researcher condescendingly talking with a female "checker" and asking, "Did you record that interaction?" And then an exchange between a woman visitor and a male researcher who is annoyed by the elementary nature of her curiosity. The matter is about flight experiments; he cuts off further contact with a quick, "yes, it's all planned ahead of time."

The film continues. The same woman visitor flinches at a monkey's pain as it is strapped into a large black box: "he *does* resent it. . . ." The animal whirls about at varied accelerations. This scene prepares us for a lengthy sequence that details in painful close-ups the dissection of a squirrel monkey's brain. The surgical butchery is only part of the focus. More revealing are the absurd assertions of discovery and exploration as two men chart their course with phrases like "I'm pretty sure we can hit . . ." "beautiful, I think we are on our way. . . ." They look earnestly at "maps," but their euphoria over their effort is a gruesome puzzle to us as the audience. Wiseman points up the seemingly diseased inattention to pain and the cost of this "game" by following the dissection sequence with another scene of death, this time a large gorilla. One leader remarks on her condition, "that's almost critical." Another replies sharply, "that *is* critical." Then one of the maintenance crew sweeps the premises with a disinfectant.

Primate's wild conclusion is a combination of empty professional clichés and a visual dénouement unlike anything before seen in a Wiseman film. We overhear an "executive" giving a sort of "pep talk" to the research team. He speaks of the need, the continual mandate for "basic research." Why? Because if we don't do it the European labs will. It's a researcher's "cold war" strategy session. Behind the stock phrase "all research is useful" is a calculated commercialism. There is no sign here of a humanistic purpose to the work. "Washington" is the one word that provokes unified attention.

The final sequence is a delicious parody of a space shot. One vulnerable-looking monkey is carted toward a huge air force jet and prepared for take-off. Quickly the connections are made between all we've previously witnessed and the government and military, something to do with the air force, with the huge Pentagon-based corporate structure. Wiseman pops the pretensions of the research effort by showing the team floating about in suspended motion as the jet alternately dives and climbs as part of the experiment—surreal and ridiculous events.

Wiseman's film will cause inevitable contention. He has always dealt with the conflict between participants' perceptions of their acts and our own varied perceptions as an audience. But never before has the polemical style of this filmmaker's work been so strongly registered. Wiseman challenged himself daringly when he made such a film, departing sharply from the tone of *Essene* and *Juvenile Court*. By placing us so uncomfortably between what we see and what we do not know (in Elaine Mayes' formulation), *Primate* dares its audience to examine one critical sector of society's influential intelligentsia. How this apparent hoax is hurting us as uninformed citizens is one of the unsettling questions raised.

PATRICK J. SULLIVAN *teaches at the School of Education, University of Massachusetts, Amherst.*

In the current (Winter/1975) issue of

dissent

Articles on our Economic Crisis:

- **A New Crisis of Capitalism** – Michael Harrington
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Fine Print

Two New Republic editors

Doris Grumbach

The Washington, DC memorial service for **Walter Lippmann** had a double character. It was a gathering of his friends in the capital who came together to talk about his charm and hospitality as a neighbor on Woodley Road, and a testimonial from editors, publishers and journalists of the importance to them of his more than 40 years of distinguished service to newspapers and magazines in this country.

Government was represented at the National Cathedral by the presence of Henry Kissinger, a sign of recognition of Lippmann's role as consultant and adviser to Presidents and persons in high posts. Sen. J. William Fulbright, former chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, said he regarded Lippmann as a man who saw himself as an interpreter, a man who tried to make sense out of "an incomprehensible and irrational world," whose career was devoted to "enlightening and civilizing his fellow Americans."

Journalists who had known him spoke of Lippmann's role in instructing younger writers. Said Philip Geyelin, editorial page editor of *The Washington Post*: "He taught us how to think and what to think about." Geyelin made the service's most memorable aphorism: "He was a philosopher with a deadline." Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., adviser to President Kennedy, spoke of Lippmann's own test of a great leader: whether his survivors would carry on his work. In this light Schlesinger regarded Lippmann as an eminent success. His standards of objectivity, his judicious perspectives still impress and instruct. His conviction was that the good journalist stays away from the calcified centers of power and becomes, as Schlesinger pointed out, "an educator in public policy."

Lippmann's connection with this magazine is well known. He was one of the original six editors of the first, November 7, 1914 issue. No doubt he wrote a number of unsigned notes in the two weeks that followed. But it was not until November 28 that his first signed piece appeared, and then it was a review of a new Broadway play called *It Pays to Advertise*.

The young (25-year-old) critic was unhappy about the power of advertising to demean and cheapen what it surrounds:

> *This play . . . pursues one step further the magazine policy of surrounding reading matter with publicity, and if the logic of the situation is developed we shall have Bibles with magazine advertisements, sermons in which mention can be purchased, and school books garnished with Campbell's Soup . . . We are a good-natured people, and the only thing we fear is priggishness. You must laugh and not criticize, or you are a highbrow. You must under no circumstances confess that blatancy and cheapness lacerate your soul. . . .*

Never did cheapness and blatancy tempt Lippmann's own thinking or writing. Almost to the end of his 85 years he remained a careful, talented writer whose columns and books were true to what Herbert Croly said in the first issue *The New Republic* would aim to be: serious, detached, select.

It will perhaps seem significant to many (it does to me) that **Gilbert Harrison,** who owned and edited this magazine for more than 20 years, resigned on the day of Lippmann's service. In his address Harrison said that Lippmann's belief was that "the public interest requires us not only to think rationally, but 'benevolently.' There can be no society without good men and women; civility is indispensible to civilization."

I can speak for no one on the staff of *TNR* but myself. It seems important for me personally to note in this column that former editor-in-chief Harrison (I have not known him in his personal life, and my contact with him has been that of a working journalist and editor) has been a civil, intelligent, serious editor. He encouraged the expansion of the back pages of this magazine, the creation of this column, gave me leeway to do what I wanted "in the back."

Harrison is a first-rate editor, the best I have ever been privileged to work under. This may sound like hyperbole, but I have heard the same sentiments in many places outside the walls of the small grey building in which less than 20 persons put out the weekly publication. I have been lucky. Set down hard, one might say *interred*, in a secure but intellectually sterile and static position in academe, I was given a chance to move up and out, into his world of responsible, objective and scrupulous journalism. He taught me a great deal about the art and craft of editing, the way to cut quickly to the heart of the matter, exposing the point of "the piece," and leaving it alone with its point once it had been said. He edited my copy and often gave it a shape it had lacked.

A publication like *TNR* is a living organism, with a life-to-death-to-life cycle. It is too venerable to stay the same for long, old enough to become renewed. Clearly a time of change has now come. Those of us on the staff are optimistic, even cheerful, about the future under Martin Peretz. Plans are afoot to expand the magazine's coverage of the arts even further to include regular columns on music, art, records and the dance. Someone has said that to stand still is to fall backward.

But in the hiatus allowed us between one era and another, between standing still for a moment and then moving on, I would like to say that Harrison gave this magazine an admirable tone, maintained it throughout his tenure by virtue of superb editing and gentlemanly demeanor both in print and in person.

The Let Down

When it's over for the day
in your pulse and flesh you sense
a paper cup being scuffed off
the bleachers and landing unheard
as the caved roar flows like lava
out into the black car-lit air.

The game screams a careful death
inside your ears like the slap
of a ball on a lacquered floor
or the empty crunch of popcorn
just before the lights overhead
are snapped off in partial rows.

GAR BETHEL

GAR BETHEL *is a poet who lives in Norman, Oklahoma.*

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Kauffmann, *from page 18*

sian and German at Oberlin, has done a fine and necessary piece of theater scholarship in **Meyerhold.** It's an expensive book but worth the price: 349 large double-column pages, many illustrations, four long and helpful appendices, a chronology, a glossary, a biographical index. Most important, it's a thoroughly researched, sympathetic account of the work of the Russian director-genius—not a biography so much as an artistic history.

Material in English on Meyerhold is relatively skimpy. The best previous book is a collection of his writings, *Meyerhold on Theatre,* translated and edited by Edward Braun (Hill and Wang, 1969). Hoover attempts to reconstruct his career. This means, in theater history, an attempt to reconstruct the ephemeral, by means of illustrations, interviews, documents, Meyerhold's writings and contextual material from other arts and disciplines. For me she has been entirely successful, making clear the genesis of his ideas, the flavor of his personality, his seminal effect on other artists (including Sergei Eisenstein), the increase of energy after the revolution in those astoundingly vital early days of Soviet art, and his inevitable doom. (He was arrested in 1939 and died in prison the following year in a manner still unknown.)

Meyerhold was a member of the Moscow Art Theater from 1898 to 1902 and played in their productions of *The Sea Gull* and *The Three Sisters,* but he soon differed with Stanislavsky and branched out on his own. If the theories and work of two complicated men can be summarized, let me use Hoover's phrases for the job: "Stanislavsky took his departure from a hatred of theater and a love of truth . . . Meyerhold, on the other hand [was fascinated] with the theater as art, as the very lie Stanislavsky abjured; indeed, it was the art of the theater which Meyerhold tried to develop in every way, deriving it from traditions of other times and places." Hoover's subtitle is perfect.

Stanislavsky was a realist, Meyerhold a formalist. Stanislavsky was virtually apolitical; Meyerhold, when the revolution came, devoted all his artistic being to it. It was Meyerhold whom Stalin wiped out.

Note: One of Hoover's illustrations is Eisenstein's ingenious design for Meyerhold's production of Ludwig Tieck's *Puss-in-Boots,* written in 1796. This is not a fairy tale but a play about the performance of a fairy tale. It has recently been translated by Gerald Gillespie, very readably, and is published by the University of Texas Press, cooperating with the University of Edinburgh, in their smartly designed Edinburgh Bilingual Library (paperbound; $3.45. All these books have facing pages of German and English). Tieck's play is further evidence of the extraordinary anti-realist, socially satirical strain in German playwriting that runs from Lenz and Grabbe—with one 12-year gap—to the present.

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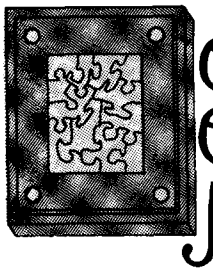

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